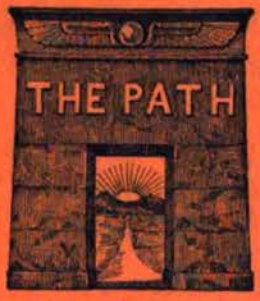
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THEOSOPHY

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO

THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT, THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY,



THE STUDY OF OCCULT SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

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No longer is there need of death, disaster or tears for that the soul shall appear; a smile suffices. . . . We perceive truth in happiness as profoundly as some of the heroes perceived it in the radiance of greatest sorrow.—MAURICE MAETERLINCK, *The Treasure of The Humble.*

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RICHARD WAGNER'S MUSIC DRAMAS.

BY BASIL CRUMP.

VI.—THE RING OF THE NIBELUNG.

PART IV.—THE DUSK OF THE GODS (*continued*).

Pure, and with the tender yearning of peace, sounds out to us the cry of Nature, fearless, hopeful, and world-redeeming. The soul of mankind, united by this cry, becomes conscious through it of its high office of the redemption of the whole of Nature, that had suffered together with it; it soars from the abyss of appearances, and, freed from the terrible Category of Cause and Effect, the restless Will feels itself bound by itself alone, by itself set free.—WAGNER'S "*Religion and Art.*"

THESE beautiful words give us the keynote to the tragic ending of this drama. The Will which we saw self-bound in Wotan is self-liberated in the death of Siegfried, and the renunciation and self-immolation of the glorious Valkyrie Brynhild.

This third and last act opens on the banks of the Rhine, where the three Rhinemaidens are singing:

Fair Sun-God,
Send to us the hero
Who again our gold will give us!

Presently Siegfried appears on the heights above in full armor, and the maidens ask him to give them the Ring, warning him of the Curse it holds:

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Siegfried! Siegfried! Siegfried!
Sorrow waits thee, we know.
To nought but ill
Thou wardest the Ring.
It was wrought from gold
That in Rhine once glowed:—
He who shaped it with labor
And lost it in shame,
Laid a curse on it,
To cause that to
All time its possessor
Should be slain.

. . . .

Nought but this stream
Breaketh the spell!

But Siegfried, the fearless, is contemptuous of danger to himself. What he would freely relinquish for love he keeps when threatened by fear:

For limbs and life
—Should without love
They be fettered
In fear's strong bonds,—
My limbs and my life
See!——so
Freely I'd fling away!

So saying, he picks up a clod of earth and flings it over his shoulder. Now, the Rhine maidens know that it remains for the "suffering, self-offering," Brynhild to perform this final and alone-redeeming act of renunciation; and so swimming away from the hero, they sing:

Farewell, Siegfried!
A stately woman
To day your hoop will inherit.
Our bidding better she'll do.

Here we may pause again to quote Wagner's comment (from the letter to Roeckel) on this incident. "However, my hero is not to give the impression of an entirely unconscious being. In Siegfried, I have rather sought to portray the completest man I could conceive, whose highest utterance of consciousness always takes the form of most immediate life and action. How immensely high I rate this consciousness, *that wellnigh never may be spoken out*, you will gather from the scene between Siegfried and the Rhine

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SO ART THOU SIEGFRIED AND BRYNHILD.

Prelude.

Designed for THEOSOPHY *by R. W. Machell. The original drawing has been presented by the artist to Mrs. K. A. Tingley.*

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daughters: here we find Siegfried's knowledge infinite, for he knows the highest, that death is better than a life of dread; he, too, knows the power of the ring, but regards it not, as he has something better to do; he keeps it merely as a token—that he has not learnt to fear."

Hunting horns are now heard in the valley, and Siegfried is rejoined by the rest of the hunting party, including Gunther and Hagen. While preparations are being made for a meal Siegfried recounts his meeting with the Rhine maidens; and, as he tells of their warning that he shall die ere wane of day, Gunther starts and looks gloomily at Hagen, for he has no heart for the dark plot that is now to be put into execution. While the drinking-horns are passed around Siegfried begins to tell some of his past deeds: how he forged the sword, "Nothung," slew the Dragon and gained the Hoard, Tarnhelm and Ring: how, tasting the Dragon's blood, his inner hearing was opened and the woodbird told him of Mime's murderous intent:

With death-dealing drink
He drew to my side,
Pale and stamm'ring,
He showed his vile purpose:
"Nothung" settled the scamp.

But at this point his memory failed him until Hagen squeezes the juice of an herb into his horn and the remembrance of the winning of Brynhild comes back to him. As he concludes the narrative Wotan's two ravens rise from a bush, circle over his head and fly away across the Rhine. At Hagen's question, "Canst read the speech of those ravens aright?" Siegfried starts up to look after them, turning his back on his unsuspected enemy, who immediately thrusts the fateful spear-point into the only vulnerable part of the hero's body. With the one word "Retribution," the murderer turns coolly away and disappears over the hills, while Gunther kneels in anguish by the dying hero's side. Now in his last moments the remembrance of his holy love comes back to him and he dies with Brynhild's name upon his lips:

Brynhilde!
Heavenly bride!
Look up! Open thine eyelids!
. . . . . .
Thrice blessed ending—
Thrill that dismays not—!
Brynhild beckons to me!—

Then to the solemn strains of the most beautiful and impressive

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Death March that was ever written, the body is borne away to the Hall of the Gibichungs.

There, while Gutrune weeps over the corpse, Gunther and Hagen fight for the possession of the Ring. Hagen slays Gunther and attempts to seize the Ring; but the dead hand raises itself threateningly, and as all fall back in terror, Brynhild is seen approaching with solemn and stately mien. Turning to Gutrune, who accuses her of bringing about the disaster, she tells her the truth: "The oath of our union was sworn, ere Siegfried thy face had seen!" Then the hapless Gutrune realizes that she has been the unconscious agent of a base plot, and cries out in despair:

Accurséd Hagen!
Woe's me! Woe's me!
Thou gavest the hateful philtre
To make her husband play false!

Brynhild, who has stood alone in silent contemplation of Siegfried's body, first convulsed with horror and then overpowered with grief, now turns with solemn exultation to the attendants and directs the building of a huge funeral pyre on which she also will find her flaming end. Her vision, too, is now clear, for the power of the Curse is at length spent; the dread cycle of evil is at an end, and to her father in Valhalla she announces the approach of the reign of peace:

All things, all things,
All know I now:
All at once is made clear!
Even thy ravens
I hear rustling:
To tell the longed-for tidings,
Let them return to their home.
Rest thee! Rest thee, O God!

Signing to the men to place the body on the pyre she removes the Ring and places it on her own finger while she addresses the expectant Rhinemaidens:

What ye would gain
I give to you;
Out from my ashes
Take it for ever!
The red flame that burneth me
Cleanseth the Ring from its Curse.
Ye in the Rhine
Melt it away

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And merely preserve
The metal bright
Whose theft has thrown you in grief.

Taking a huge firebrand from one of the attendants she continues:

Fly home, ye ravens!
Tell it in Valhalla
What here on the Rhine ye have heard!
To Brynhilde's rock
Go round about.
Yet Loki burns there:
Valhall' bid him revisit!
Draweth near in gloom
The Dusk of the Gods.
Thus, casting my torch,
I kindle Valhalla's tow'rs.

As she thrusts the brand into the pyre the two ravens again fly up from the river bank and disappear. Leaping upon Grane, Brynhild rides at one bound into the midst of the pyre and is instantly enveloped in a sea of flame. Suddenly it falls together, leaving a mass of smoke which forms a cloud bank on the horizon. The Rhine swells up and sweeps over the fire. The Rhine maidens are seen swimming close to the embers, and Hagen, plunging madly forward in a last despairing effort to gain the Ring, is drawn by them beneath its waves, while one of them joyously holds the recovered prize aloft. As the Rhine waters subside, a bright glow breaks through the cloud bank, revealing Valhalla with its gods and heroes enveloped in Loki's fiery embrace.

More than once Wagner wrote and altered Brynhild's parting words, finally leaving the music alone to express that which he felt to be unspeakable. Yet, as the music cannot be given here, it may be well to give these words in the form in which they were finally discarded by him:

Know ye whither I fare?
From home-of-wishes speed I hence;
Home-of-dreams I flee for ever;
The open door of change eternal
I shut behind me:
To wishless, dreamless, holiest country,
To the goal of world-wandering,
Redeemed from re-birth,
The witting one goes.

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Blest end of all that 's endless,
Know ye how it I won?
Deepest woe of sorrowing
Love set open my eyes:
End saw I the world.

On such words as these no possible comment can be made; they indicate a state of consciousness which must be felt rather than understood, and hence the poet-composer knew that music alone could bring it home to the intuition.

The psychological process by which he arrived at the final setting of the end of this great masterpiece is deeply interesting and throws a most important light upon his whole life-work and Schopenhauer's influence thereon. He lays it bare with wonderful selflessness and unerring self-criticism in the letter to Roeckel already quoted from:

"Seldom, perhaps, have a man's ideas and intuitions been at such marvellous variance as mine; for I must confess that only lately have I learnt truly to understand my own artworks, and that by aid of another man, who has supplied with ideas in perfect concord with my intuitions, and thus enabled me to read those Art works with my Reason too. The period since which I have wrought from my inner intuition began with the *Flying Dutchman; Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin* followed, and if any poetic principle is expressed in them it is the high tragedy of Renunciation, of well-motived, at last imperative and alone-redeeming Denial of the Will. It is this deep trait that gave my poetry, my music, the consecration without which they could never have possessed any truly stirring power they now may exercise.

"But nothing is more surprising than the fact that all my speculative thoughts, addressed to the mastery of an understanding of Life, were plodding in a diametrically opposite direction to the intuition lying at the bottom of those works. Whilst as artist my intuition was so certain and peremptory that all my fashionings were governed by it, as philosopher I sought to provide myself with an entirely opposite explanation of the world; an explanation held upright by main force, but constantly thrown down again, to my own surprise, by my instinctive, artistic intuition. My most startling experience, in this connection, I made at last with my Nibelungen-poem: I framed it at a time when my conscious ideas had simply built a Hellenistic-optimistic world, whose realization I deemed quite possible if only human beings *would;* as to the problem why they *wouldn't*, I tried to evade it pretty artfully. I remember that in this deliberate sense I carved the individuality of

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my Siegfried, with the intention of creating a sorrowless being; still more plainly did I believe I was expressing myself in my presentation of the whole Nibelungen-myth, with its exposure of the first wrong-doing, from which a whole world of wrong arises and goes to ground for sake of teaching us to recognize the wrong, to root it up, and finally to found a right world in its stead.

"Now I scarcely remarked that, with the carrying out, ay, at bottom with the very drafting of my plan, I was unconsciously following an altogether different, far deeper intuition; that in lieu of painting one phase of the world's evolution I had seen the essence of the world itself, in all conceivable phases, and recognized its nullity: whence of course, as I remained true to my intuition and not to my ideas, something quite other came to light than I had proposed. Yet I remember that I closed my work by forcing my Aim for once—though only once—to direct utterance, in the sententious parting words addressed by Brynhild to those around her; words which brand all ownership as despicable and point to Love as solitary blessing,* without (alas!) their speaker having really plumbed the nature of this "love" herself,—for in course of the myth we have always seen it enter as a devastator. So blind was I made in this one passage by interposition of my deliberate aim. Well, strange to say, that passage kept on torturing me; and indeed it needed a great subversion of my formulas of thought, such as was brought about at last by Schopenhauer, to bare to me the reason of my torment and supply me with the fitting keystone to my poem; which keystone consists in a candid recognition of the true state of things, without the smallest endeavor to preach a moral."

Nothing could reveal more clearly than the above extract how faithful Wagner was to his "inner self," and it further shows how one great mind may help another, thus pointing the way to that *union of arts, sciences, religions, and philosophies* which Wagner's many-sided genius foreshadows, and which it is the aim of the Theosophical Movement to bring about.

In the fiery end of the "Ring" drama we see an old order of things with all its evils and limitations purged away in the fire of the higher nature—the purified Will—and, from the ashes of that funeral pyre, to the vision of the inner eye there rises phœnix-like a glorious new form, bright promise of a grander destiny for the soul of man.

Following our Tone-Poet's own lines we have shown the application of this majestic myth to the consciousness of each one of us;

*These words were; "Blessed in weal or woe, let Love reign alone!" They were changed afterwards to the lines above quoted.

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but as Wagner himself says, it also compasses "the whole relations of a world, and it is in this latter sense that some beautiful remarks by a fellow Theosophist,* working in the same field, will make a fitting conclusion to this interpretation :

"Thus through Siegfried, the offspring of the God-created Volsungs,—through Siegfried, the peerless Hero and Knight whose very name signifies "Peace through Victory," is the cycle of the Curse accomplished and the World delivered and set free. But the price of that Deliverance is death : the price of that sojourn upon earth of Wotan-Erda as Siegfried-Brynhild is disaster and temporary blindness with all the sorrow that that blindness entailed. Let none think, however, that the lot of such an hero was the lot of one who in any wise failed, neither that his effort was tentative or partial ; it was not so. The Ring dramas set forth the beginnings of Heroic life on this planet. In those stormy times when the inhabitants of the three worlds (Vallhalla, Riesenheim, Nibelheim) knew each other and warred against each other, the selfless hero Siegfried-Brynhild accomplished a redemption which would illumine the earth for all time ; through that Hero spoke the "Great Sacrifice" the Lord Compassion ; but ages were required for the work which he did to fully show itself on this earth. And since that first great Hero the pages of history, remembered and unremembered, are filled with the lives of similar but lesser Heroes. The lot of each was death and the reviling of the multitude whom they benefited ; and until the cycle of this Dark Age of "Necessity" has run its course it will continue to be so. But though the cycle be heavy and the suffering hours leaden-winged, we are yet assured that for the World there comes Peace through Victory."

BASIL CRUMP.

THE SONG OF LIFE.

Listen to the song of life.
Store in your memory the melody you hear.
Learn from it the lesson of harmony.
. . . . . Only fragments of the great song come to your ears while yet you are but man. . . . . Life itself has speech and is never silent. And its utterance is not, as you who are deaf may suppose, a cry : it is a song. Learn from it that you are part of the harmony ; learn from it to obey the laws of the harmony.—*Light on the Path.*

* Mr. A. Gordon Rowe, of the Bow Branch, T. S. E. (Eng.)

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BUDDHA'S RENUNCIATION.

Being an original translation from the Sanskrit of *Ashvaghosha's Buddha-Charita.*

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON, M. R. A. S., F. T. S.

II.

IN THE FOREST.

THEREUPON, when the sun had risen, the shining eye of the world, that lord of men, came to the place of the hermitage of Bhrigu's son. And he beheld the deer there resting in quiet trust, and the birds of the air, that had come there to dwell.

And seeing it, his heart grew light, as one who had gained what he sought. He descended from his horse's back, to put an end to their wandering, and to show respect for their devotion, and his own kinship of spirit with them. And dismounting, he stroked his steed, as who should say that all is well; then he spoke to Chandaka, his attendant, full of kindness and with gentle tenderness in his eyes:

"Good friend, as thou hast followed this sun-swift steed of mine, thou hast shown thy love toward me, and thine own strength and speed. For though my thoughts are wholly full of other things, yet thou hast held me in thy heart. For thy love for thy master is not less than thy power to serve him. For there are those that love not, though they have the power to serve; and there are those, full of love, who yet avail nothing. But one who is full of love, with power to serve as well—such a one as thee,—is hard to find, through all the world. Therefore my heart is gladdened by this most excellent deed of thine; for thy love for me is manifest, even though thou seest that I have turned my face back from all rewards. For many a man will set his face towards one who may reward him, but even one's own kin will become as strangers to him who has fallen in fortune. A son is held dear, that the family may not fail from the land; a father is served because he is the giver of food; the world is kind to us, through hope of favors; there is no unselfishness without its cause. But why need I speak all this to thee? For a word suffices to say that thou hast done what was dear to my heart. Return, therefore, taking my horse with thee."

Speaking thus, the strong armed hero, wishing to show him gentle courtesy, taking off his princely ornaments, gave them to sorrow-stricken Chandaka. And holding the shining jewel that was set as a lamp in his diadem he stood there speaking words like these, like Mount Mandara, when the sun rests on its peak.

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"Taking this jewel, my Chanda, bear it to the King, saluting him with lowly reverence. Speak to him, that his sorrow may cease, while yet he loses not his trust in me. Say that I have come to this forest of holy hermits, to make an end of old age and death; yet not through any lust of paradise, nor through lack of heart's love, nor through resentment. Let him not, therefore, deign to grieve over me, who have set forth on such a quest as this. For even had I remained beside him, our union could never have lasted throughout all time. For separation is as fixed as fate, therefore I have set my heart wholly. For a man must be divided again and again, even from his own kinsmen and friends. Therefore let him not deign to grieve for me, set forth to make an end of grief. One may rightly grieve for those whose hearts are set on desires that must bring grief; but this determination of mine is fixed and sure, as of those who went before me in the path. Nor let him that shall inherit from me grieve, that I have entered on the path; for there are those that, at a man's surcease, shall inherit his riches, but throughout the whole earth those who shall inherit his part in the law are few, or none. And even should my father say that this going-forth of mine is untimely, let him know that no hour is untimely for the law, since life is unstable as water. Therefore even to-day I must seek the better part, and thus is my firm determination. For who can hold his faith in life, while death stands there, as our enemy. Speak thus, and other words like these, good friend, to my lord the King; and do thy endeavor that even his memory of me may fade. Thou shalt even tell him all of me that is evil, for love ceases from the sense of evil, and when love ceases, there is no more grief."

And hearing him speak thus, good Chanda, altogether broken down with grief, made answer to him with palms humbly joined, and his speech was heavy with tears:

"My heart sinks within me, lord, at this mind of thine, that brings such sorrow to thy friends,—sinks like an elephant in the morass of some great river. And who would not succumb to sorrow, knowing this fixed purpose of thine,—even if his heart were iron; how, then, if it be full of love?

"And how shall it be with my lord's tender body, worthy to rest delicately in a palace,—how shall it be with the hard earth of this penitential forest, and the coarse fibres of kusha grass that cover it? And truly when I first heard of thy resolve, and brought thy horse, I did it through some power above my own, and fate indeed compelled me to it. And how could I, knowing thy resolve, of my own free will bring back thy horse, Kapilavastu's grief?

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"Deign not, mighty armed one, to leave thy lord the King, devoted to his son, well-loved, and old,—as an unbeliever might desert the holy law. Deign not to leave thy second mother,—she who is worn out with caring for thee; my lord, forget her not, as one who, ingrate, forgets a benefit. And thy fair princess with her infant son, with all her virtues, bringing glory to her house, and heartily vowed to her lord, abandon her not, as some craven heart abandons fortune won.

"And even if thy mind is fixed to leave thy kin, to leave thy kingdom, oh, my lord, desert not me, for my goings are before thy feet. I cannot go back again to the city, for my heart is all on fire; I cannot leave thee in the forest, as Sumitra left the son of Raghu's race. For what will the King say, if I return to the city without thee? And what shall I say to the dwellers in thy palace,—I who should be a bringer of good tidings? And again thou sayest I should speak ill of thee, in the presence of my lord the King; but what evil can I speak of one who is a very saint for sinlessness? And even if, with heart full of shame, with tongue cleaving to my mouth's roof, I should bring myself to speak that evil—who would credit it? Only he who would speak of the moon's beams as fierce, and who would believe that, spoken,—only such a one would speak evil of thee; only such would believe it, spoken. And thou who art ever compassionate, whose heart is ever full of gentle pity,—is it well for thee to desert thy friends? Turn back, then, and have pity on me."

And when he heard these words of Chandaka's and saw his utter sorrow, the best of those who speak made answer, self-possessed, and very firm.

"Give up this grieving, Chanda, for thy separation from me; for change is inevitable for those who are possessed of bodies, in their various births. And even if, through natural love, I should not leave my kin to seek for freedom, Death will certainly tear us asunder from each other, helpless to resist. And she who bore me, full of bitter thirst and pain, where am I, in regard to her, my mother, who suffered for me fruitlessly? For as birds come together to a tree to roost, and separate again in the morn, not less certain is it that the coming together of all beings must end in separation. And as clouds, meeting together, drift away again, so I deem the meetings and partings of living men to be also. And as all this world is subject to separation, how then may we say that we possess a union that is but a dream. For as even trees lose the inborn greenness of their leaves, how should there not be separation of those who are already divided from each other. Since this is so,

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give over grieving, my good friend, and go; or if love altogether overcomes thee, then go, and again return. Say to the people of Kapilavastu, who are full of loyalty to me, that they shall cease from their love of me, and that they shall hearken to my firm determination. 'Either he will come again quickly, having made an end of age and death, or, failing of his aim, and all hope, he shall go to his destruction.'"

Hearing him speak thus, the best of steeds, Kanthaka, licked the prince's feet with his tongue, and let hot tears fall. And the prince stroked him with his gentle hand, bearing the swastika mark in the palm, with the circle in its midst; and stroking him, spoke to him as to a friend.

"Shed no more tears, my Kanthaka, for thou art already known for a noble steed; for what thou hast now done will quickly bear its fruit."

Then firmly taking the keen sword, set with gems, from the hand of Chandaka, and drawing from its scabbard the blade decked with inlaid gold, as who should draw a serpent from his lair, raising it, he cut off his diadem and his long hair, dark as the petal of the blue lotus; he cast it, with its muslin folds undone, to the empty air, as a swan going forth on a lake; and, behold, the celestial dwellers plucked it up, longing to pay it reverence, with great honor. And the hosts of heaven-dwellers worshipped it, ascending thus to the sky, with signal worship.

And putting off that robe of his, bright with all adornments, and the kingly splendor from his head, and seeing his muslin headdress floating away, like a golden swan, that sage desired a forest garment. Thereupon, a hunter of wild beasts in form, one of the heaven-dwellers of perfect purity appeared there, close at hand, wearing a garment of dull red, and the Shakya prince addressed him thus:

"Auspicious is this dull red robe of thine, like the robe of a devotee; but thy injurious bow becomes thee not. Therefore, good friend, if thou settest no special treasure by it, give this garment to me, and take thou mine."

And the hunter spoke:

"O thou fulfiller of desires, this garment has fulfilled my desires, since giving them confidence through it, I have slain the deer; but if it has any worth for thee, who art like a king of the gods, accept it from me, and give me that white robe of thine."

With much delight, then, he took the forest garment, and put off his own white linen robe, and the hunter, taking to him his divine form again, ascended to the celestials, bearing the white robe with him.

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Thereupon the prince, and the groom also, fell into a great wonder, as he departed thus; and they quickly showed reverence to him who had worn the forest garment. Then dismissing the tear-stained Chanda, he of the mighty heart, whose glory was hid in the dull red robe of the hunter, went forth thither, where the hermitage was, like a mighty mountain, wrapped in the red clouds of evening.

And as his master, spurning his splendid kingdom, went forth to the forest of penances, in a faded robe, Chandaka tossed his arms in the air, and, weeping bitterly, threw himself on the ground. And looking after him, he again cried out aloud, wrapping his arms about the good steed Kanthaka. And hopelessly lamenting again and again, his body went to the city, but his heart remained behind.

And awhile he was lost in thought, and awhile he cried aloud; and again he stumbled in the pathway, and again he fell. And so going and tormented by the might of his love, he did many strange things as he went his way.

Thus dismissing wet-eyed, weeping Chanda, and entering the forest according to his desire, with his purpose gained, his splendor set aside, he entered the hermitage like the home of perfection. The prince, walking, like the lion, king over the beasts of the forest, entered the dwelling of the deer, himself gentle as a deer. And though he had cast away his splendor, he yet held the eyes of all by the splendor of his beauty.

And those who had come in chariots, with their wives, stopped their steeds in delight and watched him, in form like the king of the gods, their heads bent lowly towards him in reverence. And the men of priestly birth who had gone forth for fuel, coming with the kindling wood, or flowers, or the sacred kusha grass in their hands, even though they had gone through many disciplines, and had learned to rule their thoughts, were overcome with the desire to look at him, and did not go on to their dwellings.

And the peacocks cried out shrilly in their joy, as if they had seen a dark-blue rain cloud coming. And leaving the luscious grass, the deer stood there large-eyed, their heads turned towards him, and those who kept the deer. And seeing the kingly descendant of the children of the sun, flaming there like the sun uprisen, the cows, though they had been milked already, so great was their delight, gave milk again as a holy oblation.

"This is one of the eight Gods of the breath, or haply of the twin physicians of the celestials"; thus resounded the voices of the saints, full of wonderment. For he shone like the form of the king of the gods, like a second refuge of the moving and unmov-

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ing world, and lit up the whole forest, as though the sun had come there for his good pleasure.

Thereupon saluted and greeted with all courtesy by those dwellers in the hermitage, he saluted them in return, according to the gentle law, his voice like the voice of a water-bearing cloud in the season of the rains. And accompanied by those pious folk who were full of longing for paradise, he, who longed for freedom only, went onward into the hermitage, to behold their various penances. And he, noble-hearted, beheld there the varied forms of penances of those who were fulfilling penances in that forest of penances. And to one of those men of penances, who was walking beside him, desiring to know how the matter stood, he spoke these words:

"This is the first time that I come to this hermitage, and therefore I know not the rule of the law. Therefore let thy worthiness deign to declare to me what your fixed purpose is, and to what end?"

Thereupon the practiser of penances made answer to that bull of the Shakyas, a very bull in valor; telling him the whole matter step by step, and the way of penances, and the fruit of the way. How some lived on wild food, coming from the river, and leaves and water, and fruit and roots; how this was the life of the saints, and how some of them lived apart, and others ceased from penances. How others live like the birds of the air, on the grain they pick up; and others like the deer, on the green herbs of the earth. And how others, as if turned into ant hills, live on air, with the snakes. How others live on what they wring forth effortfully from the rocks, and others on grain that their own teeth have ground. And some, after cooking for others, eat of the remnants themselves, if any be left. Others, with hair knotted and wet with water, twice offer the sacred fire, with chanted hymns. Some dwell plunged in the water, like fish, till the tortoises scratch their bodies.

And, by such penances as these that fill their time, they seek the heavenly world; and by yet others, the world of mortal men. By a painful way they seek happiness; for pain, they say, is the root of the law.

Hearing this story told, and the word of the man of penances, that son of the King of men was not greatly delighted with them, even though he knew not yet the perfect truth; he spoke, therefore, this thought that had come into his heart:

"Many a penance here is hard enough and painful enough, yet heaven is set as the reward of penance. Yet heaven and all the worlds are doomed to change; of little worth, in sooth, is the toil

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of all these hermitages. And they who, abandoning fortune and friends and wealth, perform this penitential law for the sake of heaven, they indeed, after all their sacrifices, desire to go to a second penitential forest, and a greater. And he who, led on by desire, seeks for another existence, through penances and torturing of his body, he, indeed, altogether failing to understand the turning circle of birth, grievously follows after grief. All men fear death for ever, yet they effortfully strive for a new life; when that new life is come, death follows certain with it; and sunk there verily, they are slaves to fear. Some enter upon pains for this world's sake, and some for the sake of heaven undergo much toil. In the search for happiness, this world of men is pitiful, indeed, in its hopes, fails of its end, and falls into helplessness. Not indeed is that effort to be despised, which, giving up the less, follows after the better; wise men should strive strongly for that which, done once, is not to do again.

"But if pain of the body is virtue in the world, then bodily happiness is vice. Yet by virtue they hope to gain this happiness in another world; therefore vice is the fruit of virtue.

"Since the body moves, or ceases to move, through the power of the mind, the right way is to control the mind, for without thought, the body is like a log of wood.

"If holiness is to be gained by purity of food, then the deer also attain to holiness. And the wealthy are therefore wealthy through fortune's fault, since such are the fruits of wealth.

"And if, in sorrow, attachment to it is a cause of holiness, why should there not be the same attachment to joy? If the rule is that there should be no attachment in happiness, should there not also be unattachment in pain?

"And there are those who go to holy shrines to bathe in the waters and wash away their sins; yet their satisfaction of heart is indeed empty, for water cannot wash away sin.

"That water is holy where the righteous dwell; therefore righteousness is the true place of pilgrimage, and water without doubt is only water."

Thus he spoke, with wisdom and eloquence, until the Sun went down; and then he entered the wood, whose trees were stained with the smoke of sacrifices, though the penances were now ceased. And the evening oblation was offered on the kindled fire, by the men of piety, after they had anointed themselves.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

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THE SOKRATIC CLUB.

IT is now several years since I met the Professor and I have often thought that the conversations which I had with him might not be unworthy of record. Some of these, and I refer also to conversations and discussions at which I was a listener, as well as those in which I took part, occurred some years ago and others are of more recent date. However, time and place are not of so much importance as the ideas which I gleaned from my association with the Professor. The way I came to meet him was this. On a trip to the west in the year 1890 I ran across a certain man with whom I made a travelling acquaintanceship as so often is the case among fellow-travellers, and being of the same profession, he very kindly gave me letters to a friend of his in a city which I intended to visit. Through this friend I made acquaintance with a member of the Sokratic Club and received a cordial invitation to visit the Club when I should next be in New York or Chicago, at both of which places it had quarters.

I had not previously heard of this club, but on being informed of its character and aims and also of the distinguished scientific and literary men belonging to it, my interest was at once aroused. The club had been founded some few years previously,* the Professor being one of those instrumental in its organization. The name of the club, I learned, had been chosen to express in some measure its character and the purpose for which it was founded. It was chosen for three reasons :—1st, because of the high esteem for the Sokratic philosophy held by the founders of the club ; 2d, because the Sokratic method was considered to be the one best calculated to lead to the elucidation, as far as may be, of the problems of life ; and 3d, and most important, because it was held that the Sokratic philosophy formed a basis for ethics and true living. The motto of the club : " Plain living and high thinking, unselfishness and toleration towards all," suited my fancy exactly and I applied for membership and was duly admitted. Naturally, however, I found members of very varying character in the club. Not all conformed or even made any serious effort to conform to the club's motto and purpose. Some had sought admission because it pleased them to think they were helping to solve the riddles of the Universe and

* The reader may perhaps be inclined to imagine that the Theosophical Society is here referred to, but the writer wishes to disabuse the reader's mind of any such idea. The club has however an actual existence but whether under this or another name matters not.

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they desired to be considered patrons of the advanced thought of the day. Others had joined because they were fond of argument and some simply out of curiosity and for the novelty of the thing. However, quite a number were really in earnest and of these the club proper consisted, though no one was refused admission who desired it and could fulfill certain simple requirements.

It was one of the Professor's pet schemes to bring together men of different race and belief and he would turn a discussion so as to interest them and draw out their opinions.

During the summer of 1893 several foreigners passed through New York on their way to the World's Fair at Chicago. Two merchants, an Arab and a Japanese, had business with Mr. August Berger, a member of the club, and an Indian Prince, travelling incognito, was an old friend of the Professor's whom he had met in India. The Prince was a Kshattriya, *i. e.*, of the Warrior caste, and I shall call him by his first name simply, Mr. Rama.*

Mr. Berger invited these foreigners and three or four members of the club to spend a few days at his country place, a few miles from New York, on the Hudson River.

On the evening of our arrival, when it was getting pretty late, the conversation turned on the test of reality. Mr. Berger had been singing and Dr. Roberts, whom I would describe as an optimistic materialist, spoke of the tendency which some natures had to drift away from the reality and to live in mere fancy and dream-land. "There are so many," he said, "who, when listening to music, for instance, just let themselves go and forget all about present surroundings. This tendency is sometimes the expression of some constitutional weakness, but more often the result of faulty systems of education and training."

The Professor.—It is not at all such a simple question as you may suppose, Doctor, as to what is real and what is not. The only thing which any one can be certain about is his own existence, his own being. Even in the last analysis no one can imagine himself as ceasing to be. My body, for example, is changing all the time, it will die, but the Ego, the I, will still live on. Then again nothing is real to me of which I can form no conception and which cannot be related to my consciousness, but when it is so related, then in that proportion it assumes reality for me.

Dr. Roberts.—Do you mean, Professor, to deny the existence of this table, for instance? To me it is real enough, (and he rapped it sharply with his knuckles), and as to myself, I mean my

* He did not appear publicly in connection with the World's Fair or at any time during his stay in America.

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body, you know ;—I never could follow that whimsical and ultra-metaphysical statement that I am different from my body—I am sure I am real enough ; I can feel pain and pleasure, I enjoy my food and my work and my sleep. Of course I'm sure of my existence. I never doubted it. But anything to be real must be material.

Rev. Alex. Fulsom.—I think the Doctor goes a little too far in so completely identifying himself with his body, but I do not agree with the Professor that the external world does not exist except in my mind or consciousness. Suppose I were wiped out of existence, annihilated, that would not wipe out the universe, it would still exist for you and for all others still living. The universe depends upon the absolute God, who made it, and not upon you or me.

Mr. Berger.—Ha ! Ha ! that's an objection and a half ; but neither of you has given the Professor a chance to complete his statement, which he only began. Now Professor, let's hear some more.

Dr. Roberts.—Pardon my interruption, but before you go on, Professor, I wish to remind the reverend gentleman that his statement that God made the universe is one of those unscientific and illogical statements, not susceptible of proof, which I, for one, would like an explanation of, before I can ever accept it. However, that is slightly off the subject.

The Professor.—Not all together off the subject, Doctor, as you seem to suppose, though we might have to construe the Dominie's words a little differently. I did not expect, however, to run counter to both of you and, pardon me, I think neither of you followed my statement accurately. In the first place I was speaking of the reality of things with reference to one's self and not in a universal sense ; though perhaps we may discuss that later. Suppose, now, Doctor, I ask you to describe to me a ——— What shall I say? Well, a *mahbub* ; I venture to say, you have never seen or heard of a *mahbub*. ——— No, I thought not. You don't know what the word means. To you it is nothing more than a mere word, it awakens no conception or idea in your mind, and for aught you know, it may be a word coined by myself, altogether fanciful and meaningless. You don't know whether it is something to eat or whether it is an animal or an abstract quality. On the other hand, if you understand to what I refer, it does not matter what term I use to describe it or in what language I speak, but the mere mention of it immediately brings it more or less vividly to your consciousness.

Rev. Alex. Fulsom.—I suppose you mean to infer that "a rose—

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or, I should say, a *mahbub*—by any other name would ——— what? What is a *mahbub*, Professor?

The Professor.—I'll tell you in a moment, but first I wish to make it quite clear to you that an idea, or a rose, or a mahbub, or anything whatsoever, becomes real to you only in the measure in which it is related to your consciousness and experience. Let us now take another case: you are familiar with the phenomena of hypnotism, but none of your scientific men has yet given any satisfactory explanation of them. Let us take an example: I hypnotize a man and place a piece of ordinary plain paper on his arm, telling him it is a plaster. What happens? His arm becomes blistered. But if I put on a plaster, telling him it is only a bit of paper, it has no effect. Or suppose I were to tell you of people—and I know of such, especially in Ireland among my countrymen—who, at certain times of the year and moon and in certain parts of the country, see little elves and fairies and lights inside the mountains. How would you explain this? . . . . . No, you need not answer, I know what you will say:—"Hallucination, disordered fancy, a diseased brain"—mere words, however, to label what you cannot explain.

Dr. Roberts.—Oh, come now, Professor, that's hardly a fair statement of the case. It has been proved beyond a doubt that such hallucinations are due to the abnormal excitation of the optic nerve and of certain of the brain centres and may be caused by disease or by drugs or the excessive use of alcoholic liquors. But what has all this to do with the subject in hand?

The Professor.—The connection is simple enough. The word *mahbub* does not bring you into conscious relation with that of which it is the name. I referred to a *mahbub* because I happen to have one with me. Here it is, it is a coin from Tripoli. If I had shown it to you, you would have known it for a coin, but the mere name gave you no clue, so a *mahbub*, as such, had no existence for you. As for the bit of paper, it certainly was not a belladonna plaster yet it produced the effects of one and *vice versa* because of the suggestion to the consciousness of the patient. Will the Doctor tell me what is the test of reality, or how we are to judge of things except in so far as they are related to ourselves, *i. e.*, to our consciousness? The fairies are certainly real to those who see them, and I venture to say that if you, Doctor, were to see them, your opinion would undergo a change.

Dr. Roberts.—Never, Professor, never! In fact, I know I could never see them, at least so long as I am in my right mind, as I hope I am this moment.

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Mr. Berger. (Laughing)—Granting your last statement as correct, I quite agree with you, Doctor. There's many a true word spoken in jest, and I'll wager you will never see fairies in your present state of mind. But we haven't yet heard from our Indian friend. What view do you hold, Mr. Rama?

Mr. Rama.—I entirely agree with my friend the Professor, and if the Doctor will pardon my frankness, I think that his materialistic view of things arises mainly, if not solely, from his accepting only those things as real which he can weigh or analyze chemically. Whereas, if he would but trust himself to accept the higher and more subjective experiences of consciousness he would begin to live in a new world, far wider and more wonderful than this.

Dr. Roberts.—No, sir; I do not trust myself to go where I cannot see and feel and smell and taste, and above all things, use my reason. I do not believe in any visionary existence, but in a practical material life.

Mr. Rama.—But pause a moment, my dear sir; do not speak hastily. How comes it that you trust yourself to go to sleep? Can you see and feel and smell and taste and use your reasoning powers when you are asleep?

The Professor.—Yes! Sleep is another of the riddles of life; riddles, that is, to the modern scientific men, but not to those who have studied the ancient and ever-living Science of Life and Nature. But it is getting late and we will have to leave the matter for tonight.

Dr. Roberts.—Well, Professor, the ideas you advance seem very beautiful, but I still hold to my position; to me they are visionary and will not stand the test of practical life.

The Professor.—Don't be so anxious, Doctor, to make everything fit in and square with your reason. There may be some ideas too big for any of us, and our reason may have to be widened considerably to take them in. Don't trouble so much about knowing and reasoning, but strive to become and to be. That alone will bring you to the heart of things. Good night.

SOLON.

(To be continued.)

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R. W. MACHELL—ARTIST.



R. W. MACHELL.

THE illustration on the opposite page is a special design representing "The power of Light and the Image of Darkness," by the well-known artist, Reginald Willoughby Machell. Mr. Machell is the second surviving son of the Rev. Canon Machell and the Hon. Mrs. Machell (sister of the late Lord Middleton). The Machells are an old Westmoreland family, whose name is recorded in Doomsday Book. Educated at Uppingham and Owen's College, he took many prizes for drawing and in the classics. In 1875 he went to London to study art, and the year following to Paris, where he made steady progress at the celebrated Académie Julian in the Passage des Panoramas, winning several medals in the school. In 1880 he returned to London, devoting himself to portrait painting, and exhibiting a full length portrait of a lady in the Royal Academy of that year. In 1885 he painted a big "Temptation of St. Anthony." In 1887 his "Bacchante" was exhibited at the Royal Academy. Then through a curious combination of circumstances, in which the late Lady Malcolm took part, Mr. Machell met Madame H. P. Blavatsky and joined the Theosophical Society. The character of his pictures quickly changed. The famous "Dweller on the Threshold" was quickly followed by "The birth of a Planet" (owned by the Pioneer Club of London), "Lead Kindly Light" (magnificently reproduced by Mr. J. Thomson), "The Mystic Troth," "The Bard," "The Exiles," and others. In 1893 Mr. Machell was elected a member of the Royal Society of British Artists and since that time has exhibited most of his pictures in the galleries of the Society.

As an illustrator Mr. Machell's principal works are two most original and sumptuous books written by the gifted American, Irene Osgood, a natural mystic. The first was "An Idol's Passion," the second "The Chaunt of a Lonely Soul." On each page is a large photogravure with the text worked in by the artist.

Our sincere thanks are due Mr. Machell for the remarkable drawing now presented to our readers.

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WHY I BELIEVE IN REINCARNATION.

BY J. A. ANDERSON, M. D., F. T. S.

THE need of the world to-day is for higher ideals. Wealth, and the power which wealth brings; fame, and the adulation which fawns upon it; ease, and the sensuous delights which accompany it—these are the things upon which the heart of humanity is set. They are its ideals; that for which it longs, fights, murders, and despoils its slain.

These ideals are the legitimate offspring of the one-life theory which prevails throughout christendom to-day. If man lives upon earth but once; if his eternal destiny after this fleeting experience depends wholly upon his acceptance or non-acceptance of certain dogmas concerning a personal God, and a personal Savior who suffers vicariously beforehand for all the sins which he chooses to commit; if the acceptance or non-acceptance of these dogmas is in no way affected by the pursuit or attainment of wealth, fame, or ease; if the millionaire usurer and profit-monger can rely upon the vicarious atonement of Christ with quite as much or more assurance than the hod-carrier (can he not be princely in his gifts to the church, especially when he dies and has no further use for his wealth?), then the concerns of this life, its strivings and warrings, are wholly removed from all connection with or influence upon a future life. Spiritual becomes entirely divorced from temporal success, and the one may be pursued quite independently of the other.

The chief dogma of modern christendom is that of the Vicarious Atonement of Christ, and the effect of this teaching has molded and directed Western civilization to a degree but seldom realized. It is this dogma which has brought about that paralyzing separation of the ideals of this life from those of that which is to come. Nowhere is its benumbing influence more apparent than in the attitude of churchianity itself towards religion. A small portion of one day in each week is set apart as sufficient for religious purposes. Certain formulas are repeated, creeds recited (especially, *credo quia impossibile est!*), spiritual heretics (those whose "doxy" is not our "doxy") denounced, and the remaining six days devoted to the acquisition of the desirable things of material life with all the greater zest because of the pleasing consciousness of having disposed of spiritual matters, for a week at least, very effectively. And, if this dogma be true, one day in the week is certainly ample

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time in which to "repent" of one's sins, and take all the advantage of the vicarious atonement necessary to insure one's soul against the dangers of retributive punishment.

More than this: it is quite philosophical not to divert present energies from the attainment of success in this life, but to put off the acceptance of vicarious atonement until approaching death makes it timely, and immediately profitable. In other words, good "business" judgment is brought to bear here as elsewhere, and from the business standpoint most men look upon the dogma—practically, if not theoretically—while the church can offer no better logical reason for doing otherwise than the mere uncertainty of physical existence.

Having, then, been taught this view (ignorantly or intentionally matters little), it would have been strange if mankind had not sought after material success. Under it the present mad race for wealth or glory is perfectly legitimate. Greed for material prosperity has caused the legalizing of our present social and economic system, in which, of necessity, each man's hand is an Ishmael's, and raised against every other man. Legalized wrongs are the cause of much of human suffering. A large portion of the remainder is due to vicious habits (drunkenness, for example), which the churches—while they condemn—do not control for the reason that they neither have nor teach any conception of the effects of such habits upon continuous, progressive existence. Dealing with them from their one-life standpoint, they assure (for example) the drunkard that if he does not reform he will go to hell for all eternity, and that if he does reform—*and accepts their dogmas*—he will go to an equally eternal heaven. But both heaven and hell are very vague to him who, under the influence of his intellectual and religious environment, has divorced spiritual from material things. The one is unrelated to the other by any demonstration of the relation of cause and effect, and so he quite logically seeks to enjoy this life and takes his chances for any other. And, according to the teaching of the Churches, his chances are about as good as those of any one; he can repent quite as sincerely, and be forgiven just as effectually.

This is not to assert that the churches do not teach high ideals ethically. But their ethics and their dogmas are mismated, for the latter rest neither upon ethics nor philosophy. Even the memory of that time has been lost, when the Gentile Adept declared: "For if in this life only we have hope in Christ, *we are of all men most miserable.*" Both the ancient and modern church have removed the occasion for this plaint most completely. Papal palaces, princely

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hierophants, pious millionaires—all proclaim to the common mob: "Go thou, and do likewise!"

Reincarnation and vicarious atonement are deadly foes; one of the twain must disappear; there is no room for both. If the dogmas of the church be true, if man, encompassed as he is by doubts and ignorance, and assigned an appallingly short time in which to study either himself or nature, is to be "saved," then vicarious atonement is an absolute necessity. But to be logical or just (to say nothing of mercy), *all* must be saved; there must be no picking or choosing among souls existing under such dreadful conditions. The fatal objection apparent in the want of opportunity which but one brief life offers, especially in the case of children, has been partially recognized by the church, and it teaches (with the exception of those branches who believe in foreordination) that children who die young go to heaven whether they have accepted the vicarious atonement or not. No logical reason can be shown for this, however, except the whim of the Almighty. Such children *might* have sinned if they had had the opportunity, and surely all excepting those of Christian parentage would have indignantly rejected vicarious atonement had they reached maturer years. Yet this dogma supposes all children to be alike saved who die before forming an opinion as to its merits, while their Mohammedan, Buddhist, Brahmanical, Confucian, or other "heathen," parents go to eternal torment for not accepting it, although of necessity many of them never heard of it—unless by chance, and then as something absurd or abominable. To save the child under these conditions, while condemning the parent, is a "grace" of God which is strained to the point of puerile absurdity.

But reincarnation removes all necessity for this most unphilosophical perversion of a divine truth. (For the vicarious atonement of the man Jesus is but a distorted image of that divine compassion which causes entities high in the scale of evolution to descend among those lower, in order to assist such to take a step onward in the weary cycle of necessity. It is reducing to a single man, and to one brief instant of time, that which takes place eternally; that "crucifixion" which is daily and hourly being enacted wherever a human soul is incarnated in an animal body. And although compassion be the motive, and unmerited suffering the result, vicarious atonement is now a misnomer, whatever the term may once have connoted, for the soul thus voluntarily crucified upon the "tree" of material existence, is rewarded and its suffering compensated by the resulting wisdom which follows upon the new experiences.) Reincarnation enlarges the horizon of life infinitely.

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It completely reverses our ideals of the things which seem most desirable; it restores the lost harmony between material and spiritual existence.

To one who would find an ethical solution for the puzzling problems of existence, reincarnation is an absolute necessity. When one looks around, and sees the chaos of injustice which this world apparently is, its unanswerable logic comes like a healing balm to the troubled soul. One sees two children, born of the same parentage, the one dies in an hour; the other lives three-score and ten. The one, because of the vicarious atonement, goes direct to a heaven, which it has not by act or thought deserved; the other struggles along some three-score years and ten, amid an environment which makes the acceptance of this dogma impossible, and goes to undeserved eternal torment. "Can the God who permits this, be just?" he asks the church. "God's ways are not our ways," is the only reply vouchsafed. One sees two souls born of different parents; this the heir to untold wealth which under the one-life theory it could not have deserved; that born of diseased, vicious parentage, in the slums of our great cities, and foredoomed to a life of shame and torture, which it also could not have deserved, and with the certainty of eternal punishment at the end, because Christian dogmas to such an one seem a repulsive mockery. "Why did God *send* an innocent soul to such awful parentage—one, oftentimes, where no form or even thought of marriage had occurred?" again queries the compassionate doubter. "Neither soul had done anything to deserve its fate; both are newly created by God; is God, then, just?" "God's ways are not our ways," is the shibboleth of the church. One sees souls plunging into hell every moment of time for failure to accept it who have *never heard of the vicarious atonement.* "How can this be just?" he asks. "In ages past their forefathers *probably* had it preached to them, and refused to accept it," replies the Apologist for God. One sees a soul who refused, or, perhaps, only neglected to embrace the vicarious atonement, suddenly die with some trifling sin unforgiven. "Gone to his eternal punishment," comments the Church. "But how can a just God punish one *eternally* for such a trivial offence?" demands the Doubter. "Every sin, however trivial, against an *infinite* God is an infinite offence, deserving of infinite punishment," replies the Church, feeling within its heart that the answer is highly philosophical, and that God ought really to be proud of such able defenders.

But the Doubter turns away—sick at heart until he reflects that re-incarnation, under the law of cause and effect, resolves all his

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doubts, and removes all stain of cruelty or injustice from the entire universe. The child who dies at birth is paying a debt due to some violation of law in a past life, and goes not to an eternal heaven, but returns almost at once to earth to take up that work in another body which the death of this prevented. Chaotic, indeed, would be an universe where a life of one minute's duration would satisfy all material requirements necessary as a prelude to an eternal spiritual life. If children really went to heaven merely because of the accident of a premature death, the tenderest mercy a parent could show a child would be to slay it before it had ever sinned, and so ensure its everlasting happiness.

And the soul who struggled wearily through a long life, but who was overborne, perhaps by early education or environment, and whom therefore the church sends to an everlasting torment, reincarnation restores to earth; affords another and still other lives in which to struggle upward—in fact, infinite opportunity is given so long as even the faintest onward effort is maintained.

The child born heir to untold wealth comes to that which it has itself earned. Wealth and therefore ease it has, but the struggle with its lower sensuous desires is increased a thousand-fold because of unlimited opportunity for their gratification. It is almost certain to form habits, and to give its character a trend, which will cause it bitter suffering either in this or its next life. The transient enjoyment of wealth is no compensation for that hardening and strengthening of the animal nature which will cost so stern and painful an effort to overcome.

The child born of the slums comes also to *its* own. Perhaps being born heir to wealth in its last life may have laid the train which has exploded in such a mine of woe in this. Who can tell? Who is strong enough to *use* large wealth in this selfish civilization, and not abuse it? Few, few indeed. At any rate, reincarnation shows the method by means of which evil births may be deserved, and, indeed, the only ones possible for these sin-stained egos. For in such a birth there is no revenge—no cruelty, no injustice. The law says to the soul, "You have transgressed; this is your punishment; it is not eternal; it is in exact accord with your deserts. Live it out; live it down; it is not the will of your Father in heaven that any should perish!"

But why multiply examples? *No* birth can meet a returning soul which it has not earned; there is no life, however overborne by horrible suffering or hideous crime, which is not the exact and just recompense for deeds done in this or some other body; there is no death, however peaceful or appalling, which has not been justly de-

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served by the soul itself, or comes to it because of family, racial, or national deeds, in which it took an active part, and for which it therefore justly suffers. There is no medley or succession of acts so complex, nor no sins so dire, that the infinitely wise law of cause and effect cannot adjust their exact recompense. For this law is but the eternally present expression of the divine Will. It affords also a basis for a just and compassionate philosophy of life without going to the length of supposing an infinite, eternal effect to follow an insignificant, finite cause—which is the absurd position into which their dogmas have forced christian theologists. The soul is the arbiter of its own destiny; it is a portion of deity itself. Under the impersonal action of the divine Will, as expressed in the law of cause and effect, it is forever fashioning its own fate, whether for weal or for woe.

It must not be understood, however, from the foregoing, that everything which happens to the soul during life, or even the inevitable time and manner of its death, are the results of causes set up in former lives alone. This would be to bind man in the straight-jacket of predestination, which is just the error into which the fore-ordinationists have fallen. There are *new* causes set up at every step of the soul's pathway, to be adjusted by the divine law in this or some future life. The soul is eternally free to choose, and must therefore be eternally able to set up new causes, whether for good or ill.

Reincarnation and vicarious atonement are also irreconcilable foes, because the latter supposes man to be by nature vile, the former, godlike. The one views him as an humble, cringing sycophant upon divine favor, the other makes him himself divine. And herein is the true root of the evil which the dogma of vicarious atonement has brought upon the race. If man is by nature vile, if he has no inherent right to eternal life and eternal progress, if he is lost—a child of Satan and of evil—except he is forgiven by a God whom he must thereafter spend eternity in praising for this act, then is there no incentive for brotherhood upon earth at all. "Make *your* peace with God; see that *your* calling and election are sure," says the church, "and all will be well with you." They do not perceive that by teaching that man is vile, and by nature evil, they are offering a logical precedent for man to treat his fellow men with that harshness and contumely which his base, evil nature warrants. God looks upon him as evil, and punishes him cruelly; that which God does man may surely do—is not this logical?

But reincarnation, carrying as a corollary the fact that man is himself divine, is a most cogent reason for the practice of brother-

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hood. For when men shall have recognized this divinity within themselves, they can no longer be cruel or indifferent to each other. They will then no more blaspheme the divine in their fellow men than they now will their highest conceptions of deity. "God dwells in my brother, how dare I wrong him?" "The flame of divinity burns low in my fallen sister; I must help her to fan it into a brighter glow—" these will be the thoughts of those who are now, it may be, so cold-hearted. No longer will man look upon humanity as so many men, but as so many manifestations of the divine; no longer as so many enemies to be slain, but as so many brothers to be beloved and assisted.

So, with ideals worthy of his godlike destiny, man may face that destiny fearlessly. Reincarnation widens his horizon infinitely; removes the arena of life far above this passionate warring and striving of material existence. Recognizing its holy truths, wealth becomes a thing to be despised; fame, a child's plaything; earthly honor, an empty bubble. To live to benefit mankind will become his highest ideal; to sink self in that great SELF which thrills throughout the entire universe, his one aspiration. So, working on with and helping nature, passing cheerfully and contentedly through the portals of life and death, embracing the infinite opportunities afforded him by means of reincarnation, man will at length evolve the potential divinity within himself into an active potency. And by the purification born of his struggles against his lower nature, he will one day realize the meaning of the saying of the Nazarene, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." For he himself will have rebecome God.

JEROME A. ANDERSON.

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THE POWER OF THE IMAGINATION.

BY ARCHIBALD KEIGHTLEY, M. D. (*Cantab.*)

IN the study of psychology the function and power of the "imagination" at once form an important and fascinating study. But when the power and function are examined in the cold light of "physiological psychology" and a critical analysis is made of the facts which bear on these powers and functions, the mind is apt to become dismayed. Furthermore, one emerges from such studies with a strong impression that any credence in the said powers and functions would constitute an "illusion," if not a "hallucination"; and further it would be inferred that the study would lead to a "delusion" and that the unpsychological and unscientific exercise of the imagination would render a man so "discordant with his environment," whether he be regarded as "external" or "internal actor," that a residence in an insane asylum would become the best means of protection to himself—and his next heirs.

Briefly, for the time, let us ask ourselves whether the common ideas concerning the imagination have any foundation in fact. Imagination here would mean not merely a picturing to the mind of unreal things, but the actual creation by the formative power of the mind of a form in the world of ideas. It matters not whether the form be a subtle resemblance of a "concrete" existence in the world of forms or whether it be a "form of thought," what may be called a "counter" in the world of ideas.

On the other hand, we are confronted with the presentation of physiological psychology. The subject of the "imagination" is approached entirely from the side of sensation—and naturally so. Professor Ladd has, however, gone so far as to draw the induction that the mind is an entity which is obedient to laws of its own, the said laws being akin but superior to the laws of the physiological world.

It would seem natural, then, with this presentment of the subject, to inquire whether, in accord with the older philosophies of the world, there is not a dual aspect of this mind entity as regards imagination. Whether beyond what physiological psychology shows from the point of view of sensation there is an actual formative element in the imagination which operates as one of the less understood laws of this "mind entity." To do this it will be necessary to as briefly as possible state the point of view of sensation.

Taking the physiological evidence we are shown the action of

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the senses and the function of nervous structures as a whole. The senses and nervous organs present to consciousness the various objects which make an impression upon them. By what process they are so presented is not clearly stated. Save by some few it is not seriously argued that the consciousness is identical with the organic nervous structures. Roughly it is acknowledged that brain is the *organ* of mind; and the study of automatic as well as reflex actions leads to the conclusion that consciousness must not be confined to the brain alone, but must be extended to the minor nervous ganglia as well.

By the various senses and nerve organs the external world of objects is presented to consciousness. Such a presentation properly effected will constitute a percept. Therefore it becomes easy to see that it will depend on the intensity of sensation, on the repetition of the said sensation and on the attention paid to such sensations, whether the consciousness is clear. On this clearness depends the power of *re*-presentation or of reproducing to consciousness the sense-effects of the past. These sense-effects of the past, when *re*-presented, are the images which the function of the nerve organs called memory places before consciousness. On this view it would appear that imagination (or at least one phase of it) and memory are identical. Memory would then be equivalent to a faculty of storing up images. The senses present to consciousness certain effects; these effects produce to the mind an image. Such images can be recalled and reproduced with more or less distinctness, consciously and subconsciously, and this process is, to physiological psychology, the function and power of imagination.

The phase of imagination which has hitherto been considered is that of *re*-productive imagination. This phase naturally raises the question as to whether there is productive imagination. This question is answered in the negative. It is asserted that all cases in which this appears to be the case come under the head of subconscious *re*-production and that such apparent production is but the modification, transformation and combination of previously existing memory-images derived from conscious and subconscious sense presentations. Imagination is thus strictly limited to sense-experience. It produces new combinations but no new elements, and so-called "creative imagination" is but the production of "exceptionally new and original *re*-combinations of existing material." Unconscious and conscious inspiration are replaced by "passive automatic reproduction" and the scientific genius appears but as "an exceptional power of recombining facts so as to get new ideas."

Normal mental activity must then start only from sense-present-

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ations and it follows that even this limited power of the imagination can be beneficial only when a balance between it and sense or "real" experience is maintained. Even a perfectly accurate coalescence of image and percept would, if the tendency to reproduce images were in excess, argue a tendency to illusion; for the images would not be "real." Even the mind with its stored up images is not real in comparison with the senses and their activity, for mind on this argument is the product of sense-experience. Is this so? As said before, Professor Ladd says "no,"! and gives to mind a life and laws of its own, arguing from the law of the conservation of energy.

Let us turn to Professor Ladd and the thought presented to us in his *Psychology*. For the purpose of the subject in hand it is necessary to quote his thought very largely and further to consider the subject of imagination not merely in an isolated position but in relation to cognate mental or psychic processes such as memory and thought in relation to primary intellection. Now in all these processes one factor is requisite—attention. It stands to reason that without attention there can be no intellection at all. This understood, the first and most constant form of intellection is the instantaneous awareness of resemblance. Such a process is necessary for all elaboration of experience and the most primary organization of mental life. This consciousness of resemblance necessitates the consciousness of difference and these two are primary component factors of mental life. Upon them depends the entire series of mental complexes which constitute the development of perception. With this development "the relative amount of sensation complexes that have a peripheral origin, becomes smaller: that due to manifold revived ideas and to subtle and rapid judgments habitually performed, becomes greater." Thus we see that *perception* becomes more and more a mattter of *ideation* with the development of the mental life. And the converse is also true—viz.: that such ideation adds to the value of sense-perception and the possibilities of development of sense-perception involve an increase in the wealth of sensuous details and of the higher ideal and intellectual qualities. It becomes plain that from the side of Physiological Psychology "our power to constitute the different mental factors into the unity of one state (*the "Mind" or "Soul"*) is dependent upon the influence of ideas."

Now both sense-perception and self-consciousness (from this point of view) are "presentation psychoses." Memory, imagination and thought are, on the other hand, *re*-presentative. Plainly all these three alike depend on the fundamental faculty of ideation and "in this sense are developments of one and the same form of mental life." To briefly distinguish them:

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MEMORY differs in the characteristic of *re*-cognition. It develops *pari passu* with the consciousness of time and self.

IMAGINATION differs in that *re*-cognition is suppressed and the process is freed from the past.

THOUGHT differs in this that when we are distinctly thinking and not merely imagining, the ideas which succeed each other are more abstract, less linked to their concrete complexity, and possess more of a scheme. Furthermore in trains of thought the contiguous factors are seen to have a different origin. In other words thinking is a development of the *relating* consciousness of primary intellection and is a process of relating *together with* an immediate awareness of the relation.

As Professor Ladd says, "*Re*cognition is the essential psychological peculiarity of memory as a developed and conscious mental activity. We do not have memory till the reproduced image is recognized."

For the purposes of *recollection*, voluntary attention is necessary. This attention is "a selective and distributive energy working toward an end consciously conceived of," and controls all the "completeness of the reproductive processes in the interest of that end."

The present psychosis in a complete act of developed memory, including both recollection and reproduction, is consciously related to the past of *my* experience as a representative of that past. The reproductive image is not merely of the past but it is of and in *my* past. *Memory* as distinct from the *laws of reproduction*, becomes clear. Reproduction is, then, a *pre*condition of recognitive memory. This is a step beyond the physiological theory of "the recurrence of similar forms of associated cerebration" or *habits* of cerebral reaction. For although what is called "retentive memory" implies the hygiene of brain, nerve and bodily tissues with the complete circulation of the blood, there have yet to be included the psychical conditions of retentive memory. These are mainly covered by the relation which attention bears in the production of percepts. In this connection the observation of Kursmaul is worth recording: viz.; "The more concrete the idea the more readily the word to designate it is forgotten when the memory fails."

On analysis it will be found that the attempts to explain *recognitive* activity by physiological activity are vain. It is not to be explained "as though it were a mere succession of consciousnesses of any kind" or of impressions familiar and resembling previously existing impressions *plus* a general consciousness. Recognitive activity is *sui generis* and as a development of memory belongs to the mind

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as an integral self and is one of the functions governed by the laws of that self which are akin to, somewhat dependent on *but superior* to the laws of the physiological organism. For although in many cases memory seems to be a sort of special and isolated piece of psycho-physical mechanism, that essence of it by which we *transcend the past* and connect by a true spiritual synthesis into a known reality with the past, has to be related with the whole man, body *and mind*—as the *subject* who remembers.

The almost inextricable interlinking of thought, memory and imagination has rendered necessary the extensive dealing with memory at this length in order to clear the ground for the expansion of the view of the power and function of the imagination. The physiological view is too small to account for the facts and dwarfs the scope of the subject-mind or soul, of which it will be seen that memory and imagination are, when guided by will, correlated forces.

Let us turn then to the imagination. We find that it is partly lower and partly higher than memory. In the first place the psycho-physical mechanism tends to produce pictures, but, unless there is recognition such process must be classed below memory. In contrast to this we see that by virtue of imagination the inventor, the artist, the poet, the philosopher and the man of pure science are able to transcend all the memories of their own past and even of their race.

Again if imagination be merely image-reproducing it is as a faculty distinctly below that of "thinking." It is clear, however, that "thinking" in all its higher functions depends on the developed and trained power of the imagination. Imagination and intellect coöperate and interpenetrate; but analysis shows that while the merely reproductive form of imagination closely resembles the lower memory so long as there is a low degree or no recognitive energy, the apparently creative forms rather resemble that lofty and almost abstract thinking which leaps to conclusions with an immediacy and a certainty comparable in its own sphere of action only to the intuitive processes of perception.

Physiological psychology proceeds to argue that, since no object can be constituted by activity of *re*-presentation which may not be analyzed into factors of presentation experience, "in so-called *creative* imagination the factors themselves are voluntary recombinations existing only while the mind creates them"; and that it is in connection with the correlated development of intellect and will that the faculty of imagination develops: or, in other words, that the primary processes of ideation develop into the faculty of imag-

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ination. This, of course, is the more modern rendering of Locke's famous dictum "Nihil in intellectu quod non prius in sensu," and, so far as creative imagination is concerned, that "there is nothing new under the sun."

Before going further it would be well to make clear the distinctions between "Fancy" and "Imagination." Professor Ladd says that Fancy is so distinguished:

(1) By having less regard for the probable as determined by known facts and laws; (2) by being less likely to be connected with practical interests other than mere amusement; (3)by being less bound by considerations of method in the attainment of its lower and more immediate end; (4) by consequently being narrower in the range of subjects to which it can be applied; (5) by serving more temporary uses; (6) by ministering to a lower form of æsthetical feeling.

The way is thus cleared for the classification of imagination. First there is "Reproductive" which is closely allied to memory; then there is the "Creative" concerning which, as we have seen, it is asserted that it is only re-creative or at most that it only combines anew previously existing memories and images. These two divisions cover the various kinds of imagination which may briefly be divided into (1) Practical, (2) Scientific, (3) Artistic and æsthetical, (4) Ethical and religious.

ARCHIBALD KEIGHTLEY.

In Heaven,
Some little blades of grass
  Stood before God.
  "What did you do?"
Then all save one of the little blades
  Began eagerly to relate
The merits of their lives.
This one stayed a small way behind,
  Ashamed.
Presently, God said,
"And what did you do?"
The little blade answered, "Oh, my lord,
"Memory is bitter to me,
"For if I did good deeds,
"I know not of them."
Then God, in all His splendor,
Arose from his throne.
"Oh, best little blade of grass!" he said.

—STEPHEN CRANE in *The Black Riders.*

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THE TEACHINGS OF PLOTINOS.

BY PROFESSOR ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.

AUGUSTIN, the celebrated bishop of Hippo in Northern Africa, described Plotinos as "Plato risen from the dead." The singular probity of his character, his profound knowledge, his intuitive perception which often seemed like omniscience, his ecstatic vision of Divinity, joined with extraordinary sagacity in worldly matters, seemed to warrant such a declaration. The little that is known of his personal history has been given by his more distinguished disciple, Porphyry, who considered him divinely inspired.

The Platonic philosophy had been preserved by the Older Akadémé approximating somewhat toward the Pythagorean principles and then returning to the doctrines of the great philosopher. There were also other schools, more or less amplifying his teachings all the way down to the close of the Macedonian period. The establishment of the famous Museum and Library at Alexandreia was the occasion for a new departure. The representatives of every school of thought were invited thither, Wise Men of the Far East, together with the Sages of the regions then known as the West. There had occurred a great upheaval in philosophic and religious thought, which added importance to the undertaking. Asoka, a Piyadarsi of India, having abandoned Jainism for Buddhism, had engaged in the most extensive work of propaganda ever known, and sent eighty thousand missionaries, Southward, Eastward, Northward, and even to the Greek-speaking countries. The Jews had their Temple in Egypt, erected by their legitimate High Priest, and not inferior to the sanctuary at Jerusalem, or its rival on Mount Gerizim. There were also Therapeutæ, and sects of philosophy not necessary to enumerate. All were welcomed by the Ptolemies to the Lecture-Rooms at their capital, and their books were eagerly procured for the Great Library. There was also a purpose to surpass the similar enterprise then in active operation at Pergamos.

Under these auspices there was developed a disposition to reconcile the conflicting sentiments, and harmonize as far as might be, the several schools of belief. As the Platonic philosophy was most complete of all and included the higher speculation, metaphysical and ethical idealism, it was best suited for the foundation of an eclectic effort. Contiguity with the East and the general adoption of the occult Mithraic Rites over the Roman world operated

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powerfully to mitigate the hostilities incident to the various national and tribal religions. There arose at one time and another men of ability to prepare the way for a harmony of philosophic systems. Phila, Appolonios of Tyana, Alexander the Aphrodisian and others may be named in the number.

Ammonios Sakkas of Alexandreia, however is generally accredited as the first teacher of what is distinctly recognized as Neo-Platonism. Like other great leaders, little is recorded of him personally. An Indian orator once addressed a missionary: "The Great Spirit speaks: we hear his voice in the winds, in the rustling of the trees, and the purling of the streams of water; but he does not write!" The great teachers seem to have been equally silent with pen and stylus. Konfusi, Gautama, Zoroaster, Sokrates, Jesus are known only through their professed disciples. It was more common to publish recondite doctrines under another name as Hermes Trismegistos, to which we may add the Sokrates of Plato's Dialogues, Zarathustra of the Vendidad, Dionysios the Areopagite, Christian Rosenkreutz, and others with which we are more familiar. The entire dogmas of Pythagoras were inculcated with the prefix of "Ipse dixit"; and Plato it was affirmed, taught a doctrine orally which his disciples promulgated in like manner, but which was not preserved in writing.

Ammonios Sakkas taught at Alexandreia in the earlier years of the Third Century of the present era. It was his belief that true doctrines were contained in every faith and philosophic system, and he proposed to winnow them out for an Eclectic Scheme. The name selected for himself and followers was that of *Philaletheans*, or lovers of the truth. A Zoroastrian tendency may be perceived; the Eranian doctrines were designated as truth; all divergent systems, as "the Lie." He had a select body of disciples whom he obligated to secrecy, considering that the "Wisdom of the Ancients" was too holy to be confided to profane persons. This obligation, however, was set aside by Hercunius after his death.

Plotinos, however, became the representative and chief apostle of the new Eclectic Philosophy. He was a native of Lykopolis or Siut in Upper Egypt, and was born in the year 205. He became a student at Alexandreia in 233, but was about to leave in disappointment when he was introduced by a friend to Ammonios Sakkas. He at once in a transport devoted himself to the new philosophy, remaining with the school eleven years. At this time the amiable youth Gordian (Marcus Antoninus Pius Gordianus) had become Emperor, and now set out on an expedition into the Parthian dominions. Plotinos accompanied the army with the purpose "to

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study the philosophy of the Parthians and the Wisdom particularly cultivated by the Indian Sages." His expectation, however, was not realized, the Emperor being assassinated by a rival.

He now came to Rome, where he engaged zealously in his esoteric studies. It was his aim to restore the philosophy of Plato in its essential character, and in short to live the life of the disembodied while yet in the body, as is set forth in the *Phædo*. He had many disciples, many of them senators, physicians, and others of philosophic tastes. Among them was Porphyrios, a native of Tyre, who at his request afterward edited and revised his work. Though he lived a celibate and carefully abstained from public affairs, he was often made a trustee and guardian of orphan children, particularly fatherless girls, and their estates, and also an arbiter of disputes, and he always discharged these trusts with absolute fidelity. The Roman Emperor Gallienus, who greatly admired him, bestowed upon him a deserted city in Campania, to which was given the name of Platonopolis, and he made an endeavor to establish there a Platonic Politeia, but without success. The courtiers hindered his efforts.

In many respects he resembled the Yogis of India. He was ascetic in his habits, abstaining from animal food, and he is described as "ashamed that his soul was in a body." He would not let his picture be painted, or tell the name of his parents or the race to which he belonged, or even discourse about his native country. Though often dyspeptic and subject to colic, he refused medical treatment, as unfit for a man of adult years. He never bathed, but made daily use of massage. A pestilence raged at Rome with such violence that five thousand persons are said to have perished in a single day. Plotinos was one of the victims. His servants had died from the epidemic, leaving none to care for him, and he suffered terribly. His voice was lost, his eyes blinded, and offensive ulcers covered him to his hands and even his feet. He lingered in this condition till the year 270. In this condition he was carried to Campania, where friends ministered to him. Here he was visited by Eustochius from Putechi. "I have expected you," said the dying man. "I am now endeavoring that my divine part may return to that divine essence that pervades the universe." He was sixty-four years old at the time of his death.

The veneration which the disciples of Plotinos entertained for him was almost a worship. He was reputed to possess superhuman powers. Those who became familiar with him, like those associating with Sokrates, passed thenceforward a better life. A lady named Khion with her daughters living in his house, lost a valua-

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ble necklace, and Plotinos, looking among the servants, picked out the thief. Polemo, a young man of his acquaintance, was told that he would have a loose life, and die early. Porphyry himself construed too literally the notion of hating the body, and was contemplating suicide. Plotinos perceived this, and pronouncing it the effect of disease, sent him to Sicily, where he recovered, but never saw his preceptor again.

An Egyptian priest at Rome employed a theurgic test in order to discover the guardian demon of Plotinos. It was done in the temple of Isis, but one of the higher order appeared. "Thou hast a God for a guardian," he declared. On another occasion, one Olympius attempted to bring upon him by magic art the baneful influence of the stars, but the malignant defluxion was reflected upon himself. This endeavor was several times repeated, but always with a similar result. The soul of Plotinos repelled every evil assault. It was "always tending to Divinity" says Porphyry.

The oracle was consulted, and described him as blessed of the Muses and possessing endless bliss. "By the assistance of this Divine Light," says Porphyry, "he had frequently raised himself by his conceptions to the First God who is beyond, and by employing for this purpose the Paths narrated by Plato in *The Banquet*, there appeared to him the Supreme Divinity who has neither any form nor ideal, but is established above mind and everything spiritual—to whom also, I, Porphyry, say that I was approached and was united when I was sixty-eight years of age. . . . The gods frequently directed him into the right path by benignantly extending to him abundant rays of divine light; so that he may be said to have composed his works from the contemplation and intuition of Divinity."

Plotinos did not readily compose books. Not till Porphyry became his disciple did he begin, and he gave his compositions to Porphyry to revise. He prepared some fifty-four treatises which were comprehended in the six *Enneads* of nine parts each. We may surmise his estimate of his redactor by his praise of a poem, *The Sacred Marriage*,, composed by the latter. "You have thus yourself at the same time a poet, a philosopher, and an hierophant."

It was the purpose of Plotinos to combine and systematize the various religious and philosophic theories, by exalting them to the higher concept. He taught the fact of three hypastases or foundation principles—the Absolute Good, Mind and Soul. "For," says Taylor, "according to Plato, the Good is superessential; Intellect is an impartible, immovable essence, and Soul is a self-motive es-

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sence, and subsists as a medium between Intellect and the nature which is distributed about bodies."

The Divine Being is accordingly designated by Plotinos, "The Good," "The One," "The First," "The First Cause." In essence he is absolutely one and unchangeable; but plurality and changeableness pertain to his workings. He is the Light shining into the darkness or chaos. The first sphere of his activity is Mind or Intellect, in which he differentiates himself into consciousness and its objects. In this Mind are the Ideas or idealities, which are at once the archetypes and moving forces of the universe. From it all things proceed.

Thus, the Divine Spirit is the self-active, creating principle, and from spirit all matter is derived. The world and the universe are the product of spirit: as also Paul declared: "All things are out from God."

The most immediate product of Spirit, as Plotinos taught, is Soul, which in its turn shapes matter into corporeal conditions. Receiving from the Spirit the world of Ideas and the image or archetype, it forms and fashions the world of Sense.

All existence, therefore, is an emanation and projection from the Divine One—not in time, however, but in Eternity. There is also, he inculcated, a returning impulse, attracting all again to the centre and source. Hence he made less account of external knowledges, but regarded the real truth as to be apprehended by an immediate divine illumination. He held revelation to be a perception which the individual attains, by coming in touch with the Deity. This is Ecstasy—an absence and separation of the spirit or superior intellect from the sensation and consciousness of the body and from the external memory, being rapt in contemplation of the Absolute Good.

Sokrates himself was frequently in this enthusiastic condition. Alkibiades describes him in the *Banquet* as one day during the Athenian expedition to Potides, standing by himself in contemplation, from early dawn till mid-day and on through the night till next morning, when he performed an invocation to the Sun and went away. Xenokrates was also thus absent from the body. Paul describes a similar rapture when he was himself in the third heaven or paradise hearing things unspeakable. In the initiations at the ancient mysteries, particularly at Eleusinia, it was attempted to produce or develop an analogous condition.

Sokrates in the *Phædo* describes the philosophic soul as retiring within itself, pushing aside the body as far as possible, having no communication with it, and so aiming at the discovery of that which is. Plotinos also teaches that the wise one cognizes the ideal of the

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Divine Good within him by withdrawing into the Sanctuary of his own soul. Others seek to realize it, as in the Theurgic Rites, by laborious effort of an external character. The true aim is to concentrate and simplify. Instead of going out into the manifold, the true way is to forsake it for the One, and so to float upward toward the Divine fountain of being which flows in each of us.

He declares we cannot attain to this knowing of the Infinite by the exercising of the reasoning faculty. It is the province of that faculty to distinguish and define; and the Infinite may not be thus brought within limitations. Only by a faculty superior to the understanding can we apprehend the Infinite; and this may be done by entering into a state in which the individual is no longer his finite self, and in which the Divine Essence is communicated to him. This is Ecstasy—the liberating of the mind from the finite consciousness. Like can only apprehend like; thus ceasing to be finite we become one with the Infinite. In the reducing of the Soul to this simple condition, its divine essence, this union or identity is realized.

The mind is thus illumined with divine light. The person cannot tell whence it comes or whither it goes.* It is he, rather, who approaches to it or withdraws. One must not pursue it, but abide waiting for it patiently, as if looking for the sun to rise above the ocean. The soul, blind to all beside, gazes intently on the ideal vision of the Beautiful, and is glorified as it contemplates it.

This condition, Plotinos says, is not one that endures permanently. Our common human nature is not sufficient for it. It may be enjoyed now and then. All that tends to purify the mind will assist in the attainment, and facilitate the approach and recurring of these felicitous experiences.

There are different paths to the Sublime Height. Every one may take the one that is best suited to him. There is the love of beauty and excellence which inspires the poet; the devotion to the Supreme One and the pursuit of the Superior Knowledge which impel the philosopher; the piety and love which characterize the ardent soul. These are so many paths conducting to the heights above the actual and the particular; and then we stand in the immediate presence of the Infinite, who shines out as from the deeps of the soul.

It will be perceived that Plotinos extends human consciousness from the physical and psychic, of which we all know, to a supra-consciousness or apperception in which the higher intellect or spirit is brought into communion with its like, and to the realization of

* Jesus says to Nicodemus: "The pneuma or spirit moves whither it will, and thou canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth: So is every one that is born of the Spirit."

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being one with Divinity itself. This is the acme of Neo-Platonism. The Mysticism of later centuries which Dionysius, Eckart, Boehmen and Molinos inculcated, and which Sa'adi and others diffused in the Moslem body, took from this an inspiration. The Apostle Paul himself recognized the doctrine. He describes the entirety of man as "spirit and soul and body," and "delights in the law of God after the inner man." He also treats of the "psychic man" that does not receive the things of the spirit, and "one that is spirited, who knoweth the All, but is not himself known by any."

Iamblichos of Cœlosyria mingled with these doctrines a Theurgic Initiation after the manner of the Egyptian priests and Theosophers and was followed by Proklos and others. But in its simplicity as taught by Plotinos and Porphyry, there were no such secret observances, but only a general conforming to the customs instituted for the general public. It was enough for the philosopher to contemplate excellence and by a pure and true life realize it in himself. Such are they of whom the world is not worthy.

ALEXANDER WILDER.

"Have you ever thought how much of life can be expressed in terms of music? To me every civilization has given out its distinct musical quality; the ages have their peculiar tones; each century its key, its scale. For generations in Greece you can hear nothing but the pipes; during other generations nothing but the lyre. Think of the long, long time among the Romans when your ear is reached by the trumpet alone. Then again whole events in history come down to me with the effect of an orchestra, playing in the distance; single lives sometimes like a great solo. As for the people I know or have known, some have to me the sound of brass, some the sound of wood, some the sound of strings. Only—so few, so very, very few, yield the perfect music of their kind. The brass is a little too loud; the wood a little too muffled; the strings —some of the strings are invariably broken.

. . . . . .

Martin Luther—he was a cathedral organ, and so it goes. And so the whole past sounds to me: it is the music of the world: it is the vast choir of the ever-living dead. Plato! he is the music of the stars. The most we can do is to begin a strain that will swell the general volume and last on after we have perished."—JAMES LANE ALLEN, *The Choir Invisible*.

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AS seen from the deck of an ocean steamship, the view presented differs but little from that to be seen from any other point of vantage. Life is eternally the same. Incidents and persons vary somewhat in appearance, but behind all persons is the same great Soul and behind all incidents lies concealed the same great lesson. Yet life on board-ship is a curious epitome of the life of the world as a whole: there are the workers and the drones, and the drones are not the happier as a rule, particularly if the weather chances to be rough! People generally relax at sea, and to some extent throw aside their business and social cares; but they remain the same men and women. They play cards, and you can almost tell a man's normal occupation by the way in which he holds the playthings in his hands, furtively hiding them from the possible observation of his neighbors, with many a defensive side-glance, not to mention an occasional attempt to take advantage of the carelessness of others. He is a business man, a financier, but not an habitual card-player, for the latter, though far more careful in fact, preserves an appearance of large indifference which shows the expert as it deceives the unwary. The game consists in trying to get the better of all the other players: not unlike the ordinary game of life! Then they resort to music, and this gives free scope for extravagant little jealousies, criticisms, heart-burnings, just as in the big world around us whenever people meet together for either work or pleasure. It has been said that a funeral gives wider opportunity for displaying these peculiarities than any other form of human entertainment, but a concert at sea easily comes second.

One hardly expects to find evidence of spirituality in any but one in ten thousand faces. To expect more would involve grievous disappointment. Not that all faces are not now and again illumined with some rare flash of the inner light "which lighteth every man that cometh into the world," but this transient awakening leaves no permanent impress on the features. Without expecting, however, to meet with any outer and visible sign of spiritual aspiration and endeavor, one might imagine that traces of decision and certainty of aim would be frequent. This is not so. Indecision

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is clearly shown in nearly every face, and, paradoxical as it may seem, in this fact lies the hope of the future. Once in a long while one meets a man whose every feature and movement proves that he knows exactly what he wants, is determined to get it and that he has concentrated the whole force of his nature on its attainment. He is absolutely one-pointed in his aspiration, and therefore he must triumph in the end. As in the vast majority of cases such a man's aim is low and "of the world, worldly," he throws love, affection, conscience, duty to the winds and makes straight for his point. He is a strong man, and no ordinary man, who wavers between conscience and desire, can compete with him. If the whole race were resolute in its striving after material things, its damnation would be assured; it is because men doubt the solidity of the ground on which they now stand that they sometimes turn their eyes heavenward and long for a security and a peace which this world does not afford. In the course of ages, as they learn to look with more persistence, they will find their peace. Even those who keep their eyes turned earthwards, look in a dozen different directions instead of one—with the exception of the man with one desire. They strive for wealth, and what they call "love" intervenes to divert their aim; they strive for what they believe to be love's realization, and expediency divides their interest; they strive for place and power, and the fear of public opinion stays them at the crucial moment. They are the world's weaklings. Saddest of all is the plight of the strong man who with one-pointed endeavor at last attains the object of his heart's desire. As it is a material thing it cannot be permanent, and furthermore he must tire of it in time, for, as Emerson said, the soul was born to embrace the whole and not a part. This thing for which he has so wonderfully striven will become more bitter than death to him, and he will suffer as few can suffer, because few are strong. If, with the same power and simplicity of purpose, he had aspired towards the permanent and the eternal, how great would have been his reward! But doubtless he had first to learn his lesson.

The multitude of man's desires! And all of them efforts to attain the unrecognized ideal—the true Self and the hidden Deity. Man seeks it in woman and woman in man (not that they may not often help each other to find the unknown God within themselves); both seek it in Power and in the praise of their fellow men, in music, in painting, in the mere unintelligent "doing of good," in the favoritism of some man-like God, in forgetfulness. For aeons they have been paying homage to these and many other idols, all-unconsciously worshipping the one ideal, the Soul of things, the

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WORLD'S DESIRE, as they bowed before them. They have tried to find the ideal in the material, and they have failed and always will fail to do so. Sooner or later they will feel some dim appealing consciousness stirring within their hearts, like the voice of one crying in the wilderness, and they will wake to lend ear to it and to find their ideal as it really is, instead of as they imagine it to be.

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It has been reported that, in one of the States of the Union, the Police Department have set women prisoners to breaking stones, the Police Commissioners arguing that "women prisoners kept in idleness were not sufficiently punished." We live in a refined and gentle age, forsooth; we look back with horror and contempt upon the barbarities of ancient Rome; we wax tumultuously indignant over the Sultan's alleged cruelties—and we set our unfortunate women-folk to breaking stones as a punishment for their sins! The men who have done it are doubtless God-fearing citizens, full of virtuous condemnation for such offences as these poor women have committed; they possibly have not committed the same offences themselves, at least they have never been found out, and so from their narrow point of view they are perfectly justified in "punishing" these women as severely as possible. In doing so they simply reflect the hopeless ignorance of the people who elected them to office, who would thoroughly endorse the Mosaic principle of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," regardless of Christ's teaching of compassion and forgiveness. But even in reflecting the stupidity of the majority of their fellow citizens, they might have used discrimination, one would suppose. They need not have chosen the most degrading occupation it would be possible to inflict on a woman. They might have taken into some account the effect of stone-breaking upon the minds and moral natures of their prisoners. By a supreme effort they might possibly have discovered some form of "punishment" which would have kept the women employed and which would have taught them at the same time how to gain an honest living after their discharge. There are surely many feminine occupations which are by no means light work, but which are useful and productive and honorable in the eyes of the world. But these Police Commissioners are mere instruments, and it is their employers—the people—who are the most to blame. We may at least hope that before too long the great mass of people will appreciate the importance of using their prisons as centres of education—the hospitals of the morally diseased.

E. T. H.

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All through the world to-day is sounding with a persistency that is alarming, a dull heavy note of unrest, unrest. With scarcely an exception, the scenes that flit across the *Screen of Time* portray the same unrest, the same anxious looking for some change. In one place —Famine, in another revolution and a fight for freedom, here strikes, there disputes, a rush for the new gold fields at Klondyke, speculations in stocks, luxury and sensuous enjoyments for the few, a life-long struggle for a bare subsistence for the many. But back of all these outer and visible signs there is an universal unrest of the souls of men—the spirit of Humanity travailing, with the pangs of child-birth already begun. What will be this child, the Future, so soon to become the present? Is its fate already written in the stars, the irrevocable outcome of the deeds of the past, or is there still time to awaken a new influence which shall run like a golden thread throughout the new era? We do still have this opportunity, a few short months still remain ere the cycle closes in February, 1898. It was recently said by Mrs. Tingley that if we would send forth a note of radiant hope into the next cycle we must concentrate all our efforts upon the work now. We cannot too fully realize how much needs to be done, and the importance of our efforts during the next six months. Let us make every effort to instil into our work the spirit of unity and harmony; let us look to principles and not to personalities; let us put aside personal ambitions and work for humanity; let us seek ever to get into closer touch with the spirit of the Movement; for the more the spirit of harmony prevails, the more the Movement advances and grows and the more humanity is helped.

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Yesterday, August 8th, another awful picture was flashed across the *Screen of Time*—"The Assassination of Antonio Canovas del Castillo, Premier of Spain." What does this mean for Spain, and for Cuba? But there is a more important question and one which touches not Spaniards and Cubans only but every human being, for those conditions which resulted in this awful tragedy are to be found in other countries besides Spain—this question:—how can we bring about such a state of things that such an act will be no longer possible, not from forcible restraint but because men's hearts shall be changed, for as says an ancient scripture:—"All creatures act according to their own natures." But let us look at another picture that shone and gleamed on the Screen on that same yesterday. It is a picture that has been growing and gleaming for some time past. It began just as a mighty forest tree begins—as a small seed—but when it is grown the birds of the air lodge in its branches

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and it becomes a place of shelter where all may seek and find refuge.

It is to this picture that we can turn with hope, a hope that will not fail us, and here we can find that which shall still the unrest of humanity's heart, once more bringing peace and harmony to tired earth. The International Brotherhood League began as a tiny seed, as a single thought, born of the love which Katherine A. Tingley bears for the whole human race. Already the seed has grown and become a strong and vigorous plant as was so clearly shown at the meeting of the League at Lotus Home, August 8th. It is impossible to give detailed accounts of this work in this magazine but we would refer our readers to the *Theosophical News*. Among those present at the Home yesterday were Mrs. Tingley, E. A. Neresheimer, Mrs. Neresheimer, F. M. Pierce, A. H. Spencer, H. T. Patterson, H. Harney. Mr. Neresheimer, in particular, spoke of splendid work that had already been done.

He said that it was impossible to fully realize the magnitude of the work and that he was only beginning to dimly understand the possibilities that lay before the League but which he was absolutely confident would be carried out. The work of the League was but a continuation of work of the Crusade and under the same guiding hand cannot fail of its accomplishment. The International Brotherhood League is for the binding together of all the nations upon earth and, through it, help will come both to the East and the West, for the East and particularly India, needs our help. India, the seat of so much of the spiritual wisdom of the past but now wasted by famine and plague, despairing, almost hopeless, still has vast stores of knowledge hidden away which can only be brought to light when the misery which now weighs so heavily upon that ancient land, shall be lightened,

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One of the saddest pictures upon the *Screen* is India. What a contrast we have had presented to us this year. The Queen's Jubilee with its gorgeous pageantry and India where—for how long? —a fire has been smouldering, and now here and there breaks out and we hear rumors of rebellion and uprisings. And the people all the while growing weaker and weaker, fighting that awful foe—Famine. There is suffering in America, thousands out of work, not knowing where to look for the next meal but all the suffering in this land of ours, if multiplied a thousand-fold would not compare with the awful, indescribable suffering and misery of that ancient land, once beloved, yea still beloved, by the gods, and still in the years to

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come to lift her head once more and bring back the cycle of her former greatness and wisdom.

One department of the International Brotherhood League is the Bureau of India Relief and Famine Fund and we are glad to be able to print in this issue a letter showing what work has been done by the members of the Indo-American Theosophical Society at Benares, as a result of the Crusade work in India. Twenty-four hundred and fifty-five persons have been relieved by a small band of workers in this city alone and similar work has been done by the members of the League at other of the large cities of India. A little money in India goes a long way, and shall we not, will not *you*, readers of THEOSOPHY, give some help to relieve this awful suffering.

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Other work of the League being done in New York and soon to be inaugurated in all the large cities of America, is among the unfortunate classes, men and women. Dr. Robt. A. Gunn, a prominent New York physician, is giving his services free to this work. A centre has been opened in East 14th Street, the centre of one of the most thickly populated tenement house districts in this city, and here treatment is given to those enslaved by the alcohol habit. Dr. Gunn treats this as a disease and has effected some remarkable and complete cures. There has also been organized a band of ladies to work among the unfortunate women of the city. Is not the true way to help these our unfortunate sisters, to first recognize the indissoluble link that binds all, rich and poor, strong and weak, pure and impure, into one Universal Brotherhood? To do this, to help as far as in each one lies, to practice Brotherhood, is the work of the International Brotherhood League. Every one can help in this work and there is work for every one to do. Mrs. Tingley informs me that not later than September 15th, full particulars in regard to the work of the International Brotherhood League will be sent to all members and that possibly a lecturer will be sent to visit all Branches.

J. H. F.

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SCIENCE NOTES.

TIME. LIFE. ENERGY.

FAMILIARLY and frequently as these terms are used, few of us could explain their meaning or state the basic concepts for which they stand. The following philosophical definitions will be found useful as well as novel, to those who habitually subordinate their thought to the common phraseology and make no effort to penetrate the real nature of the cosmic forces underlying the conditions in which we live.

"The common conception of the word 'time'—as an indescribable something flowing at a constant rate is erroneous. Time is humanity's best friend, and should be pictured as a ministering angel, instead of a skeleton with hour-glass and scythe. Time does not fly, but is permanent and quiescent, while restless, force-impelled matter, rushes onward. Force and matter fly; time reposes. At our birth we are wound up like a machine, to move for a certain number of years, grating against time. We grind against that complacent spirit, and wear, not time, but ourselves away. We hold within ourselves a certain amount of energy, which, an evanescent form of matter, is the opponent of time. Time has no existence with inanimate objects. It is the concept of the human intellect. Time is rest, perfect rest, tranquility such as man never realizes unless he becomes a part of the sweet silences toward which human life and human mind are drifting.

"Disturbed energy in one of its forms, we call life; and this life is the great enemy of peace, the opponent of perfection. Pure energy is the soul of the Universe and permeates all things with which man is now acquainted. When at rest it is imperceptible to man; while disturbed energy, according to its condition, is apparent either as matter or as force. A substance or material body is a manifestation resulting from a disturbance of energy. The agitating cause removed, the manifestations disappear, and thus a Universe may be extinguished without unbalancing the cosmos that remains.

"The worlds known to man are conditions of dynamic energy moving in separate orbits through what men call space. They attract bodies of similar description, and thus are swayed to and fro under the influence of the various disturbances in energy common to their rank and order, which we call forms of forces.

"Unbalanced energy also assumes numerous other expressions that are unknown to man, but which in all perceptible forms is characterized by motion. Pure energy cannot be appreciated by the minds of mortals.

"There are invisible worlds besides those perceived by us in our planetary system, unreachable centres of ethereal structure about us that stand in a higher plane of development than earthly matter which is a gross form of disturbed energy. There are also lower planes.

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"Man's acquaintance with the forms of energy is the result of his power of perceiving the forms of matter of which he is a part. Heat, light, gravitation, electricity and magnetism, are ever present in all perceivable substances, and although of purer material than earth, they are still only manifestations of absolute energy, and for this reason are sensible to men.

"It can be conceived that if these disturbances could be removed, matter or force would be resolved back into pure energy and would vanish. Such a dissociation is an ethereal existence, and is pure energy. The life spirit of all material things is neither cold nor hot, heavy nor light, solid, liquid nor gaseous—men cannot, as mortals now exist, see, feel, smell, taste or even conceive of it. It occupies space, a world of itself as transparent to matter, as matter is to it, insensible but ever present, a reality to higher existences in other planes, but not to us an essence subject to scientific test, nor an entity." (*Etidorhpa.*)

PHOTOGRAPHING THOUGHT AND AURA.

Reference was recently made to the endeavor of Dr. Baraduc, of Paris, to secure by means of photography graphic representations of thought forms, and to impress the images of mental concepts on sensitized plates. His successes in this direction have encouraged him to even more ambitious efforts. He now seeks to photograph the human aura, which, as he believes, envelopes every man—as the photosphere envelops the sun—and is alike subject to storms and disturbances. The Doctor's theory, which Theosophists will have no difficulty in conceiving as entirely practical, is that the enveloping atmosphere, be it of what nature it may, is intensely alive and active, and affected by the magnetism and changes of condition of the individual to whom it pertains. It is the vibrations and modifications of this aura or photosphere that the Doctor sought to capture and record, and while we are not as yet informed as to the practical details of manipulation by which the results were reached, it appears that the pictorial images exhibited clearly the diverse effects produced under variations of physical conditions, and present a remarkable similarity with those obtained from the sun during periods of calm, or solar disturbance. "As above, so below," and the multiplied means by which theosophic teachings are being brought to the attention of the world, and in such wise as to command its consideration and assent, are as wonderful as they are effective in operation and mysterious in their origin.

In New York independent attempts have been made by two specialists, Drs. Miller and Simon, one a hypnotist and the other a physiologist, to photograph mental images. The result was curious. The doctors were unable by concentration of their individual thought to create a picture; but by using an intermediary, viz.: a thoroughly hypnotized patient, a mental photograph of entirely satisfactory

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distinctness was obtained. In the particular experiment, the subject was required to think of nothing but his hand, and a picture of a hand was made to appear. It is obvious that with an attention, however acute, that is not trained or constrained to immobility—the time needed to produce mechanical results is lacking. In hypnosis the mind is narrowly held in the single dominating direction, as the tube of a telescope may be kept upon an individual star.

SAYINGS OF CHRIST.

The discovery of the "sayings of Christ" is, an event of extraordinary interest to the world of Europe and America, from a scientific as well as from a religious standpoint.

The site of the discovery was an ancient city lying on the border of the Libyan Desert, in the Nile Valley, one hundred and twenty miles south of Cairo. It is known to have been one of the centres of early Christianity, but had never been explored.

Papyri were found in abundance, all credited to the three earliest centuries of the Christian era. The extraordinary thing about these leaves is their survival of burial in the soil for eighteen centuries. They are described as "Strange looking refuse." Being made from a common water reed, by pasting strips of the inner skin together, it would seem as perishable a commodity as could well be devised; but they are apparently as durable as metal, supposing they have actually lain in the earth for the period indicated. Some of them are in rolls, perhaps 14 inches in length and a couple of inches broad, looking something like a huge cigar, dry, dusty and weevil eaten, and crushed flat by a heavy weight. But those that have been dampened and opened assume at once a most interesting appearance.

Brushed, cleaned and pressed, they look like pieces of fine yellow matting—not a bright yellow, but a dark, brownish hue. But what strikes one most strangely is the ink. There are these leaves, dug out of the soil, where they have been lying utterly unprotected for eighteen hundred years, and yet, where the surface of the papyrus is uninjured, the ink shows up as black as though it had flowed from the pen only a week ago. The writing, too, is beautifully clear, especially in the ecclesiastical manuscripts, which are the work of educated men.

L. G.

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THE LITERARY WORLD

BY ALBERT E. S. SMYTHE.

"NO priesthood was ever more arrogant than this priesthood of the press." Sir Wemyss Reid makes this comment in his article in the NINETEENTH CENTURY, "Reminiscences of English Journalism." In the current QUARTERLY REVIEW in a discussion of "The Author," the remark occurs, "The initial business of a public writer is the business of a public teacher. . . . Only those who have something to teach are seriously to be welcomed as writers." One remembers with amusement the fine scorn with which a prominent newspaper received these ideas when advanced in a public address some eight years ago. To tell the truth, they were arrived at from a direction quite other than that occupied by the eminent authorities quoted. In view of the comparative permanence of classes and conditions, and the coincident fluctuation and promotion of individuals in accordance with the laws of evolution and reëmbodiment, the question arose: Who in these generations represented the great teaching classes of past ages, the priests of the ancient temples, the monkish artsmen and craftsmen, the Levitical tribesmen who held the people's knowledge in trust and disseminated or suppressed it at their discretion? Who, to-day, originates, develops, moulds, and propagates opinion? Who conserves tradition, or explodes it when occasion warrants—or tempts? Who holds in relation to the people at large—and quite irrespective of the uses of magical arts, and the actual effectiveness of religious ritual and ceremonial which belong to another order of priesthood entirely,—who, over and above the illusion of titles and names, wields the greatest educational authority and the widest intellectual and political influence? The clergymen of to-day have their place and function, but few among them can claim, in a community, power equal to that of the editor and journalist. With the bible that lies on every breakfast-table and the sermon men read on their way to work, with these scriptures of the unchurched masses, vital with the inspiration of the moment, ecclesiasticism begins to understand it no longer competes. It seems sufficiently clear that the Priesthood is reincarnate as the Press, and the tribe of Levi sustains itself still at the public charge. It may well be questioned if this priesthood of to-day be less venial than of old, or shows a better sense of its responsibility.

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The discovery among the ruins of Oxyrhynchus, a city 120 miles south of Cairo, and hitherto unknown to modern research, of a papyrus containing eight sayings of Jesus, in handwriting and along with other remains fixing 300 A. D. as the lowest limit for the date at which they were written, have attracted more attention than we might anticipate for a new play by Shakspere or a new epic by Homer. Only one of the logia, or verses, contains anything novel, but it has roused such a commotion in certain quarters that we need no longer wonder at the modifications of New Testament teaching which pass current in "orthodox" circles. Many learned articles have already been written to discount the force of the statement: "Raise the stone and thou shalt find me; cleave the wood and there I am." This is pantheism, we are told, and betrays the influence of the mystic and occult views of the early gnostic thinkers. Therefore, although the papyrus is at least a century older than any known version of the New Testament writings, it should not be accepted. Incidentally this little Greek memorandum is forcing upon the attention of many who have not yet faced it, the fact that the authenticity of the scriptures and their claim to inspiration has rested entirely upon human scholarship and opinion in one direction, and upon the authority of the Church in another. When men understand that the inspiration of a book depends upon its power to reflect or to elicit the divine in themselves, less value will be placed on the very precarious evidences commonly regarded as conclusive. One reviewer has particularly emphasized the danger of countenancing such discoveries as that at Oxyrhynchus. If it should happen that manuscripts be found containing socialistic or communistic sentiments professing to emanate from Christ, we are asked to contemplate the danger of powerful sects being raised upon such a foundation to the risk and jeopardy of vested interests. We might ask why a communistic utterance should be particularly counted upon, but clearly it is for the vested interests of the Church to beware of all papyri, however inoffensive, since thereby prestige may accrue for vast heaps of pantheistic and otherwise heresy-tainted documents yet to be uncovered. At the same time nothing could be more unfair or unwise than to fail to recognize the stand taken in such matters by those who represent what we have no hesitation in considering the best element in the churches. In the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, the Rev. Dr. Walton Battershall writes of "The Warfare of Science with Theology" in terms which show an appreciation of the distinction between the Church as it might be and the members of the Church who are and have been. Undoubtedly, also, the almost un-

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bridgeable chasm of the so-called pantheistic problem is revealed. Speaking of theology and science he says: "One is simply a group of facts, the other a group of beliefs. . . . The only science whose credentials are accepted is the science that brings returns from the physical universe. . . . The legitimate sphere of theology is God in His moral and spiritual relationship to man, and the circle of truths and duties which are involved in that relationship. . . . If theology is simply the science of God, it has no concern with, and is beyond the reach of, the science which has taken for its province the physical universe. Between the two there is no warfare, or possibility of warfare, because they lie in two diverse planes of thought and fact. . . . The theological oppositions to science proceed invariably from current interpretations of what are supposed to be scientific references in the Holy Scriptures. . . . It can fairly be said that in no century has the church been responsible for the interpretations." This is tantamount to the claim that the church is really independent of the Bible and its interpreters. And it also displays the device by which it is possible to keep our science or knowledge, and our religion, whatever that may be, in separate compartments. It likewise represents the struggle to impound the Absolute within theological limits, and the confusion consequent upon a determination to identify IT with the World-Soul or Logos. Dr. Battershall quotes the Archbishop of Canterbury: "God did not make things; no, he made them make themselves." As things continue to make themselves, we cannot decide whether theology recognizes the original impulse as eternally abiding, or as being continually imparted. In the one case we have a Logos; in the other we certainly have not the Absolute. In the latest church writers there appears a tendency to adopt what may be termed a Pan-Logistic or Pan-Christic conception which avoids many obvious difficulties, and permits the Personal God of the devout to continue in peace. Dr. Watson (Ian Maclaren) in the INDEPENDENT of 22 July, gives some curious instances of telepathy in his own experience, and offers a theory which lies along these lines. He thinks "(1) that people may live in an atmosphere of sympathy which will be a communicating medium. . . . The medium through which the message passes is love. (2) That this love is but another name for Christ, who is the Head of the body. . . . It is Christ who unites the whole race, and especially all Christian folk, by his incarnation. (3) That in proportion as one abides in Christ he will be in touch with his brethren." Mr. A. P. Peabody might discover here as he does in Wordsworth in the July FORUM, some "germs

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of pantheism." Dr. Watson probably never heard of a Root or Seed Manu but his second proposition is none the less significant.

The antiquities and traditions of America are prominent in the most recent literature of both fact and fiction. The territories of Colorado and Utah, New Mexico and Arizona have been contributing a mass of legend and folk-lore to our still scanty knowledge of the great races that once dwelt in these regions. Major Washington Matthews has gathered much in his *Navaho Legends* bearing on the primitive religion, and the occultism of these descendants of a mighty mother stock., The Athapascan, or Tinneh people of which the Navahoes are considered to be a branch, rival the Aryans of the East in the extent of their distribution, which ranges from Alaska to Northern Mexico. While the Navahoes have no personal God in the modern sense, and are apparently unable to conceive of such a being, they have very definite ideas of the relation of cosmic powers, personified, of course, to humanity. Their Woman Who Changes, or rejuvenates herself, is so called because she is subject to perpetual change, growing to be an old woman, and becoming a young girl again in an endless series. They believe in a *kama rupa*, or devil belonging to every corpse, while the spirit of the dead returns to the former home of the people. The Woman Who Changes is made of the blue turquoise, and has a sister, the White Shell Woman, while their two children are the war-gods. Their cosmogony is full of the sacred numbers, 3, 4, 7, 9 and 12. White Body, Blue Body, Yellow Body and Black Body presided at the creation of the first man and woman, and raised the seven sacred Navaho Mountains. E. P. Vining writes in THE NINETEENTH CENTURY of "An Inglorious Columbus," as he styles an early Chinese navigator who is thought to have reached the Pacific Coast. He accounts in this way for a supposed influence of China on early Mexican civilization, and for the civilization of Peru's being an exact reproduction of the theory of the Chinese organization of a State. But he acknowledges that the early peopling of the Americas is not explained, while the identity of six of the names of the signs of the zodiac in the two countries he regards as "a coincidence which approaches the miraculous." Mr. Verner Z. Reed has selected the Colorado region as the scene of a number of tales of the Navaho, Ute, and kindred tribes. There is a good deal of quiet intensity about them, but they somehow lack in conviction. *Lo-To-K'ah* consists of six narratives covering the career of a great chief of the Utes, whose last previous incarnation we are led to infer was in the character of the first Napoleon. "The Story of the Golden Woman," is one of the best, and the picturesque yet barbaric chief, whose savage chivalry is of the old Celtic order,

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may survive as a type. In *Tales of the Sunland*, Mr. Reed's disposition to emulate Rider Haggard is more pronounced and *She*, *The People of the Mist*, and *The Heart of the World* are frequently suggested. The books are beautifully produced by the Continental Publishing Company. [$1.00 and $1.25, respectively.] The typography of the *Sunland* volume is especially excellent, and is notable for a most attractive font of italics. The illustrations by L. Maynard Dixon are studies in themselves, and greatly enhance the interest of the text.

The death of Mrs. Oliphant, and of Jean Ingelow reminds one of the great power wielded by women writers in the propagation of mystic thought. This appears as an undertone in much of Jean Ingelow's poetry, but Mrs. Oliphant often gave it full expression. There is much insight in such books as *The Beleaguered City*, and the ever-charming *Little Pilgrim*. Those who have read it elsewhere will be delighted to have in book form William Canton's *The Invisible Playmate*, issued as it is in the daintiest fashion of book-making art. This pathetic little fragment of child life reads more like a chapter from Mrs. Oliphant than a page of the pitiful reality it claims to be. [J. Selwyn Tait & Sons, N. Y.] *Life's Gateway, or, How to Win Real Success*, by Emily S. Bouton [Boston: Arena Publishing Company], is a collection of essays forming as a whole a very practical and comprehensive little everyday system of applied occultism. Many are constantly enquiring what is the good of Theosophy, and where does it come in on weekdays, and there is much in Miss Bouton's book for those who wish to understand how at once to kill out ambition and work as they work who are ambitious. The value of persistence, of the power of quick decision; the knowledge that one can do nothing until he can believe in himself; that he must be sure he can carry out his undertaking if he would succeed; that if difficulties arise they will vanish if faced boldly, and the laws that govern these matters, and the wise aims they contemplate, are treated in simple, pleasant and encouraging language. The distinction between the success-at-any-price philosophy of Samuel Smiles as enunciated in *Self-Help*, and the more humane ideals of this volume should be considered.

THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST maintains its lead among the Society publications. The July issue contains the conclusion of Mr. Judge's letter to the London household, a weighty utterance in which many important statements are embodied. "Concretely there is a certain object for our general work. It is to start up a new force, a new current in the world, whereby great and long-gone Gnânis or wise ones will be attracted back to incarnate among men here and there, and thus bring back the true life and the true practices." "The Founding of Emain Macha" is drawn from ancient Irish sources, and Charles Johns-

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ton writes of "The Three Gods of Man," the power of the world, the power of man, and the power of the Eternal.

OURSELVES (May–June) has two excellent little narrative sketches and several plainly written papers on such topics as Osiris, Islam, the Higher Patriotism, etc. THE GRAIL appeals to a higher stratum of society perhaps, but has an equally attractive and lucidly prepared programme. "A Daniel Come to Judgment" is an examination of the Duke of Argyll's criticisms of the Darwinian hypothesis and claims the noble Scot as a wanderer on the brink of the ocean of theosophy. "The Seven Principles," conveys a presentation of the familiar classification from a new point of view.

THE PACIFIC THEOSOPHIST (June) is chiefly occupied with Col. Blackmer's *résumé* of a paper by Dr. Stockwell, "The Prophecy of Science at the Close of the Century." Its purport is to support the view that consciousness precedes organization on the physical plane. THE AUSTRALIAN THEOSOPHIST for June, besides local news and reports, has an interesting account of Maui, the Maori Prometheus. An extended review of *Mystic Masonry* is commenced.

INTELLIGENCE (July) is, as usual, an important contribution to literature. Dr. Dawson supplies one of the most sprightly essays, "Ourselves, Critically Considered," pointing out "the danger of thinking that a description is the same thing as an explanation."

We have also to acknowledge receipt of Lotusbluthen; The New Time, The Hypnotic Magazine; Notes and Queries, in which a new translation of the Koran by Charles H. S. Davis is announced; Twentieth Century; The Anglo-Russian, a new venture by Jacob Prelooker, seeking to effect the union of these great races; The Dominion Review; Secular Thought; Islamic World; The Thinker (Madras); The New Age (London); Herald of the Golden Age; Record and Critic (Cleveland); The Theosophical News, which improves with every issue and has recently had contributions on The Kabbalah, by Rev. W. Williams, Open Air Theosophy by James Pryse, and others, equal to any of the monthlies; Child Life, with a modern nursery version of Thor's adventure with Skyrmer, the continuation of "Margery's Dream" and some other papers and children's verse, etc.; The Theosophical Forum; Prasnottara; Theosophical Gleaner (Bombay); Journal of the Maha Bodhi Society; The Coming Nation (Ruskin, Tenn.); The Editor, etc.

A. E. S. SMYTHE.

"On the Watch-tower" in LUCIFER is frequently lightened by delicious touches of unconscious humor, but all previous achievements in that line have been easily surpassed by Mr. Mead in the July number, in his apology for Vol. III. of *The Secret Doctrine*. The latter has at last made its appearance, horribly printed and worse edited. With admirable adroitness Mr. Mead shifts all responsibility for it, and especially for the impossible Greek and doubtful Hebrew and Sanskrit, upon the shoulders of Mrs. Besant. The only marvel is that two such prodigious pandits should have wasted their valuable time correcting the works of so "ignorant" a writer as H. P. B. Says Mrs. Besant concerning the Sections on "The Mystery of Buddha": "Together with some most suggestive thought, they contain very numerous errors of fact, and many statements based on exoteric writings, not on esoteric knowledge . . . I do not feel justified in coming between the author and the public, either by altering the statements to make them consistent with fact, or by suppressing the Sections." What a wealth of estoric lore we have missed through Mrs. Besant's literary delicacy! She has published these erroneous

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statements of H. P. B. when she might with her own pen have given us the inside facts about the mystery of Buddha. According to Mr. Mead, Vol. III. is composed mainly of fragments "excluded from Volumes I. and II., because of their inferiority to the rest of the work," but he takes comfort in the small price of the book, which is but 15*s.* net. It is perfectly true that the book is the least valuable of H. P. B.'s works. If it had been printed as H. P. B. wrote it, then Theosophists generally would have prized it; but Mrs. Besant and others having edited it, they will regard it with a just suspicion. Those who have compared the first edition of Vols. I. and II. with the "third and revised edition" know the deadly results of Mr. Mead's and Mrs. Besant's "editing." It is deeply to be regretted that H. P. B. left no directions concerning her posthumous works, and that, dying intestate, her heirs should have permitted valuable MSS. to fall into the hands of individuals who have not scrupled to mutilate her literary work under the bald pretense of correcting "errors of form," and have sought to decry her in insulting prefaces and notes. Errors she undoubtedly committed, but for every needed correction her editors have made a score of unwarrantable changes, often perverting the sense and obscuring the text, while many of the "improvements" they have made in her English are more than questionable. Fortunately, Vols. I. and II. may hereafter be reprinted from the first and unrevised edition; but it is to be feared that Vol. III. is practically lost to the world, hopelessly mutilated as it now is.

About a third of the work forms no real part of the third volume, being merely a reprint of certain private instructions, partly written by H. P. B. and partly pieced out from notes of her oral teachings. These have been included simply to pad out the work. They are of no interest to the general public, and are perfectly useless even to students who are not working under a practical teacher; for they are only preliminary instructions given to those who are preparing for practical Occultism, and the latter is possible only for students personally trained by a living teacher. No one need delude himself with the hope that Mrs. Besant has betrayed any occult secrets by publishing these private instructions. True, they were given her under a solemn pledge of secrecy, which she has violated; but the foresight of H. P. B. enabled her to guard against such a contingency, and without certain verbal clues it is impossible for anyone to make practical use of these instructions. In fact, esoteric secrets are never entrusted to paper even in the occult schools save when written in a cypher that would baffle the cleverest cryptographer.

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How little Mr. Mead understood H. P. B. and her work is shown by the concluding passage of his apology for Vol. III. He says: "No doubt she was thoroughly in earnest, but in that she acted as the karmic builder of the embryonic body of the Theosophical Society, into which she had to collect as many elements as that karma demanded, Kabalists, Rosicrucians, Alchemists, Astrologers, Vedantins, Buddhists, Zoroastrians, Hellenists, Stoics, Gnostics, Ceremonialists, Devotees, Sceptics, Hermetists, Phenomenalists, Charlatans, Tricksters, Adventurers, all and divers. Such being the elements, the 'tanhic elements,' of the Society, how will the Ego of our movement purify them? The future alone will show; meanwhile it is open for each one of us to work consciously with that Ego or to be absorbed in the unconscious host of 'tanhic elements.' . . . It is now for two years that the Theosophical Society has felt the benefit of its recent purification, and every student in it knows that it is healthier and stronger and more conscious than it has ever been before."

Setting aside this foolish braggadocio about Mrs. Besant and her feeble followers being the "Theosophical Society," which was "purified" by violating the cardinal principle of brotherhood and so severing itself from the real Theosophical movement, and ignoring the insult to the great body of workers throughout the world, whom Mr. Mead stigmatizes as "tanhic elements," notice how H. P. B.'s work is described. She was, in Mr. Mead's opinion, simply the "karmic builder of the embryonic body of the Theosophical Society," while the people she tried to help, regardless of their beliefs, pitiful for their sins and failings, were only "tanhic elements" for the building of that Society.

She, great loving soul, worked for the good of all humanity, and not simply to build a Society; accepting all men, rejecting none, she could say, as the "good, grey poet" said to the tramp, "Not till the sun excludes you will I exclude you." H. P. B., who can blame your enemies for traducing you when those professing to be your friends and pupils can thus decry your writings and belittle your works! Truly have you said in your third volume: "From Prometheus to Jesus, and from Him to the highest Adept as to the lowest disciple, every revealer of mysteries has had to become a Chrestos, a 'man of sorrows' and a martyr."

JAMES M. PRYSE.

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CORRESPONDENCE

July 30th, 1897.

To the Editor of THEOSOPHY:

DEAR SIR:—If every Branch throughout the world would take action through a series of resolutions setting forth the intent and accomplishments of the Crusade in the spirit of the following action by an American Branch at one of its stated meetings, it would enormously centralize and unify all our forces to the one purpose of International Universal Brotherhood.

Whereas: The recent Crusade around the world has opened a new vista in the affairs of humanity, disclosing newer and greater possibilities of moulding the thought of the world now, right at hand, and not in a far distant future to be won in other lives.

Therefore: We resolve and hopefully call upon our Brothers everywhere to arise to this opportunity of binding in mutual helpfulness a nucleus in every nation throughout the earth, diverting every possible resource at our command to strengthen the bonds of this International Brotherhood and hasten the time when our Crusade may go forth again to widen the area of this new order of ages of which the Heavens again approve.

CLARK THURSTON.

NOTE BY EDITOR.

WE much regret to have to inform our readers that the continuation of "Visions of a Life," by P., has not arrived in time for publication in this month's issue of THEOSOPHY. The reason for this, we regret to learn, has been the serious illness of the author, who, however, by latest account is now much better and hopes to write for the October number of the magazine.

We are very pleased to have received, just before going to press, a most interesting letter addressed to Mrs. Katherine A. Tingley from the Indo-American Theosophical Society in Benares, and by her permission we are able to present it to our readers.—EDITOR.

THE INDO-AMERICAN THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY,
BENARES, N. W. P. INDIA, June 29, 1897.

To Mrs. K. A. Tingley:

OUR DEAR, DEAR LEADER:—Six months have passed over our heads, and we have to tell you the history of the small span of time, which has been productive of an immense amount of good, real, material, physical good to no less than 2455 persons.

We have been thinking of you and of your trusted and sincere fellow-workers ever since you parted from us, just as one thinks of a dear and near relative gone out to a distant land and expected to return.

Your cheerful words at parting were ringing audibly in our ears when we received the first letter present—very, very dear and comforting at a time when the pain of separation was fresh and unallayed—in the shape of a letter dated from S. S. Golconda, off Calcutta. This charming present was followed by others in considerable numbers from Sydney and elsewhere. You have created a deep, constant, and everlasting attachment between us and our

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worthy brothers in New South Wales, Australia, England and elsewhere. How wide the family circle has now grown for us—The Theosophic Family Circle. We feel and realize that we are no longer solitary units, having an oyster-like limited and circumscribed existence, but belong to the vast ocean of Universal Brotherhood, and recognize and are recognized by those who live in the same home and have similar aims and objects. How strong and powerful do we feel now. We derive much encouragement from the fact that although deep waters stand as an impenetrable physical screen between us, still the mental eye, the theosophic glance, the ever-vigilant care of our leader is always being directed towards us, and is ever watching with a parental anxiety over our weak, slippery, and infantile efforts to stand upon our legs and embrace and walk hand in hand with our dear brothers and comrades playing in the common sporting ground—the Universe.

The help, encouragement and support we are constantly receiving from our elder and sympathetic and affectionate brothers in Australia, England and America are incalculable, and we take this opportunity of expressing our feelings of love and gratitude before our Common Guide and Leader. No foreigner stopping in India awaits with more impatience, longs for with greater eagerness, and receives more fervently the foreign mail than we do. Does it not bring for us many a happy tidings? Does it not supply us the long-wished for and highly-welcome news of the home and the family—the one single home and family of Theosophists in the world—the affectionate circle of Universal Brotherhood. The only practical work that we have been able to initiate and carry on (and all this is primarily and chiefly due to your ceaseless exertions and impersonal labors in the cause of humanity) has been the relief of some of the famine stricken of our countrymen. Having received a remittance from our respected brother, E. B. Rambo, we at once started the Famine Relief work on the 28th of April 1897. The centrically-situated house of our worthy treasurer, Chhunnoo Lall L. M. S., was made the relief centre, and all the members were given the privilege of sending over persons deserving of relief with letters of recommendation to the relief centre. The relief, in every case, is afforded under the immediate superintendence of at least one member of the Famine Relief sub-committee consisting of Bros. Chhunnoo Lall, Debi Parshad and Shanker Nath.

We received a further remittance for Famine Relief purposes from Bro. E. Aug. Neresheimer, and thereupon we extended our operations further. In addition to the F. R. Sub Committee we created a corps of Famine Relief Volunteers to investigate Famine cases amongst the respectable people of the city and its neighborhood—people who would rather suffer all the pangs of hunger and death than go out abegging.

Besides many pitiable instances of suffering wretches, three specially hard cases of women of respectable families in distress were found and relieved by our volunteers. . . .

. . . Up to this day we have relieved 2445 persons of both sexes—mostly widowed females, often with children, or small boys.

Detailed and accurate accounts are of course kept.

Last month we received some very affectionate letters from our brothers in Sydney, and on reading some of those letters the idea of obtaining a small share —though a very small one indeed—in the building up of the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity, by sending a stone from Benares, struck to our Vice-President Babu Baboo Debi Parshad, and by a unanimous vote for subscription we have raised a small fund to carry out this idea. The stone that we intend sending will be a white marble, one foot square, with the name of the society inscribed on it in some artistic design.

We hope and trust that this humble token of our love and gratitude, and a trifling earnest of the sincerity of our hearts, will be accepted by the builders of the great school of Humanity and placed in some corner of the sacred temple. How will we then rejoice at the little quota of good Karma that we will procure for ourselves by joining our hearts in this good sacred work. . . .

. . . We received two copies of the "Theosophical Forum," a programme of the Third Annual Convention, containing excellent pictures of ten of those whom we most love, and an affectionate encouraging letter from our worthy and respected brother, E. T. Hargrove. The letter has proved quite a cordial to raise up our spirits.

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We have had a good downpour of rain for the last week, and entertain better hopes for the next harvest.

We are on the steep road to the highest heaven of Universal Brotherhood, and our steps in the beginning must be slow and faltering.

In conclusion we beg to assure you that we have every hope for the success of our society. Some of our new members are capital acquisitions to the Society, we believe—young, honest, earnest hearts.

Liberation for discouraged humanity, in India, is not very far off now.

With the strongest hopes in the future, I, on behalf of the society, subscribe myself, Dear Leader,

Yours devotedly,

AJIT PRASADA,
Secretary.

MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

DURING the summer months the routine work at HEADQUARTERS usually slackens somewhat and many of the Branches throughout the country close their meetings for two or three months. But the work by no means lags and during the past month two new Branches, the WACO T. S. at Waco, Texas, and the KATHERINE A. TINGLEY T. S., at Placerville, Cal., have been formed, and a steady stream of applications for membership is kept up from all parts of the country. During the last two years the work has increased so rapidly and has assumed such large proportions that it has become necessary to adopt new plans in order to carry it on efficiently. Mrs. Tingley has written the following letter:

To All Members of the Theosophical Society in America.

The rapid growth of the Movement and the new lines of activity opening out make it necessary that a better system should be adopted in several departments of work, more especially in the methods of Theosophic propaganda and in visiting the Branches by public lecturers; this work having been done formerly almost entirely by workers who have had to act on their own responsibility and without adequate directions from Headquarters, considerable confusion has resulted. The lecturers, acting independently and following different methods, have given conflicting directions to Branches in the matter of study-classes, propaganda, etc., causing much perplexity to local workers and often retarding the growth and progress of new and inexperienced centres.

It is most important that lecturers should act in concert under experienced directions, so that all may be kept in touch with Headquarters, share the general spirit of the movement, and work on a systematic basis. Great results would follow. Branches can be started in districts where Theosophy is not yet known, and newly-formed Branches can be given support and encouragement. I have therefore suggested Mr. James M. Pryse as the Superintendent of the Propaganda Bureau which I recommend to be established not later than the 27th of July. No one is better fitted to perform the work than Mr. Pryse, who is one of the oldest members of the Society and has worked directly under H. P. Blavatsky

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and William Q. Judge. Mr. Pryse is acquainted with the methods of work and familiar with all sections of the U. S. A. This makes him peculiarly qualified to fill the position. KATHERINE A. TINGLEY.

In accordance with the above suggestion of Mrs. Tingley, the Executive Committee of the T. S. A. have established a "Bureau for Branch Extension," and have appointed Mr. James M. Pryse Superintendent.

The happy faces of the children at the LOTUS HOME, across the 125th Street Ferry, New York, are the best evidence of the splendid work being done there. Full accounts of this work are given weekly in the *Theosophical News*, published at 24 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass., and we feel, as Mrs. Tingley does, that the *News* should be in the hands of every member.

The annual Convention of the T. S. IN E. (HOLLAND) was held on July 20th at Bloemendual, near Haarlem, in the midst of a wood. All the officers were reëlected and Mr. A. Goud was chosen delegate to the European Convention at Stockholm. A new centre has been established at Rotterdam through the efforts of Mr. Meng. Mme. de Neufville has awakened a great deal of interest by her lectures on Wagner's Parsifal at Amsterdam, Arnheim and Haarlem.

Good reports of work done come from GERMANY. In LEIPZIG the members are engaged in active propaganda work. Steady work is being done in BRESLAU though the obstacles to be overcome are many. A new lodge has been formed at HAMBURG and it is expected that one will soon be established at NURNBERG. The "GOLDREIF" Lodge of BERLIN has had a large increase in attendance at its public meetings.

The report of the annual Convention of the T. S. IN E. (SWEDEN) held May 27th and 28th has just reached us. Delegates were present from all the Branches in Sweden and Norway and the proceedings throughout were characterized by harmony and solidarity.

Active propaganda is being carried on by the Lodges in SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES, and special meetings are held in the different quarters and suburbs of the city. On May 12th at the Newtown Town Hall, a large meeting was held by HARMONY LODGE. The Mayor and his family and several Aldermen were present. One of the National Representatives of the T. S. in Aus. has offered to send a copy of the *Key to Theosophy* to the School of Arts Library in every country town in N. S. W. All have expressed their willingness to receive it. He has also sent copies of Dr. Buck's *Mystic Masonry* to the Masonic Libraries.

The "CENTRO TEOSOFICO DE VENEZUELA" at Caracas is doing excellent work. All the meetings are well attended and a project is on foot to start a Spanish magazine for propaganda.

No man can find the divine within himself until he has learned to recognize the divine in others.—*Farewell Book.*

ÔM.

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